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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. III.

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

THE WORKS

OF

William Shakespeare

EDITED, WITH A SCRUPULOUS REVISION OF
THE TEXT, BY

CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE

AUTHORS OF "SHAKESPEARE-CHARACTERS;"
OF THE "COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE;" AND OF THE "GIRLHOOD
OF SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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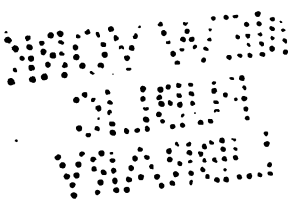

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22IX62

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*
LEWIS XI., *King of France.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
} *on* KING HENRY'S *side.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards* KING EDWARD IV.,
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Glocester,*
} *his Sons.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,
} *of the* DUKE OF YORK'S *party.*
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} *Uncles to the* DUKE OF YORK.
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor *to* RUTLAND.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman. *Two* Keepers. *A* Huntsman.
A Son *that has killed his Father.*
A Father *that has killed his Son.*

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to* EDWARD IV.
BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, *and other* Attendants *on* KING HENRY *and* KING EDWARD, Messengers, Watchmen, &c

---

SCENE,—*During part of the Third Act, in* FRANCE; *during the rest of the Play, in* ENGLAND.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *The* Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers *of* YORK'S *party break in. Then, enter the* DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerous;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Mont. And brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood.

[*To* YORK, *showing his.*

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the* DUKE OF SOMERSET'S *head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.
War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps.
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We 'll all assist you, he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk:—stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [*The* Soldiers *retire.*
York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[WAR. *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the* DUKE.
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine.
Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
War. Be duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.
York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. [*To* YORK.] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus. [arms,
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours,—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I know not what to say; my title's weak.—
[*Aloud.*] Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [*Aside.*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armèd men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the* Soldiers *show themselves.*
K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:—
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England, and himself!
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands, for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome;
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[*Coming from the throne.*
War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet.* *The* Lords *come forward.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.
War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and his Sons*, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.
Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away. [*Going.*
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*
Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE OF WALES.
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,—
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.
Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas:
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environèd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.
K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE.
K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair:—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Sandal Castle, *near* Wakefield, *in* YORKSHIRE.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us,—
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elsyium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die —
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord of Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news?—Why com'st thou in such post?
Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR JOHN *and* SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman's general; what should we fear? [*A march afar off.*
Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,

Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains near* Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND *and his* Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
[*Exit, forced off by* Soldiers.

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look!
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die!—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursèd line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son,—for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause!
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [*Stabs him.*
Rut. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ! [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the plains.*

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starvèd wolves.
My sons,—God knows what hath bechanc'd them,
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—"Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—"Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried,—"A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;

And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland.
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretchèd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand —
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him:—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France,—but worse than wolves of France,—
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*Giving back the handkerchief.*
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—"Alas, it was a piteous deed!"—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
[*Giving back the paper crown.*
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!
North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.
Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting-tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near* Mortimer's Cross *in* Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter Edward *and* Richard, *with their forces, marching.*
Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd,
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,

From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,—
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.—
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,—
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on,
Whenas the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.
Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environèd he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down, and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steepèd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,—
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closèd up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!
Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renownèd by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with forces.*

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?
Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.
Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards St Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advértisèd,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at St Albans met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers',—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,—

Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself.
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrollèd in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside

May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York:
The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums:—God, and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host:
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors: let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* YORK.

Flourish. *Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?"
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, "Saint George!"

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sov'reign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at St Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father,—call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun-set I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.
K Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between* Towton *and* Saxton, *in* YORKSHIRE.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight,—they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,—
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Foreslow no longer; make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Excursions. *Enter* RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. *Enter* KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquerèd:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;—
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his Father, with the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessèd with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
While lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father *who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.—
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,—
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. *Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafèd bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed;
Or else come after: I 'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same.*

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never, then, had sprung like summer flies
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?—
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms,—split my breast.

Alarum and Retreat. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placèd there;
Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answerèd.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Soldiers *bring the body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay then, the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunchèd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownèd England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut! that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter two Keepers, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man; let 's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we 'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am—in mind; and that 's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,—
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me!
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings,—command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and* LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less: but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLAR.] Yea; is it so?
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLO.] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [*Aside to* CLAR.] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLAR.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLO.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLAR.] God forbid that, for he 'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLO.] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLAR.] Nay, whip me, then; he 'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aside.*] You shall have four, if you 'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [*Aside, retiring with* CLARENCE.] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then, get your husband's lands to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why then, I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLAR.] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLO.] As red as fire! nay then, her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [*Aside.*] The match is made; she seals it with a court'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why then, mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. [*Aside to* CLAR.] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [*Aside to* GLO.] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.
K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLAR.] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLO.] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along:—lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, LADY GREY, CLARENCE, *and* Nobleman.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.—
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;

And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe.
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown:
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell.
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impalèd with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand beween me and home:
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall:
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the chameleon;
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages;
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—FRANCE. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the French King, and* LADY BONA, *attended: the King takes his state. Then, enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, *and the* EARL OF OXFORD.

K. Lew. [*Rising.*] Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him.*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland, a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renownèd queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:—
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his state.* QUEEN MARGARET *rises.*

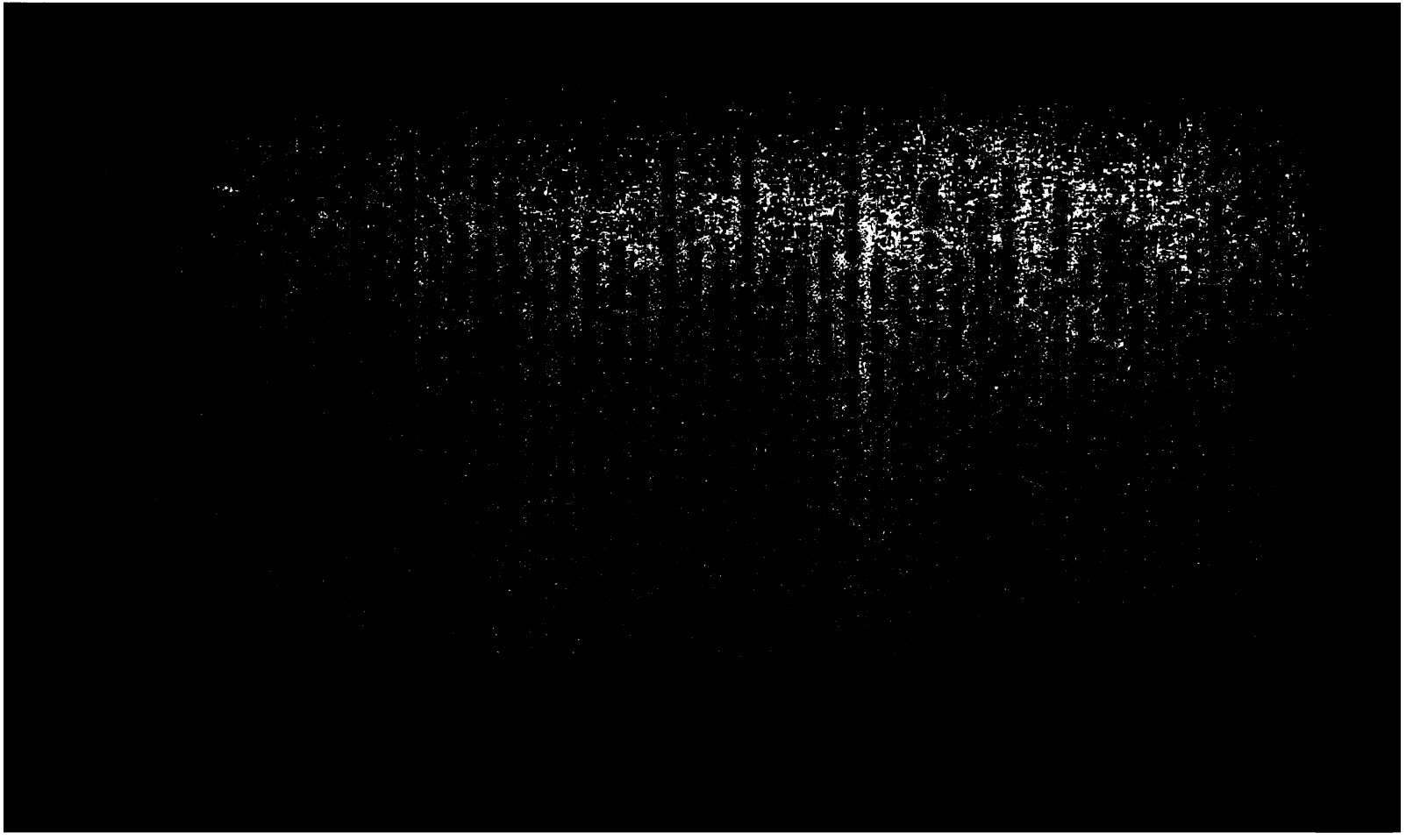
Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sov'reign, and thy vowèd friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeignèd love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To* BONA.] And, gracious Madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sov'reign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;



And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,—
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.
[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord embassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, marquess Montague:—
These from our king unto your majesty:—
[*To* MARGARET.] And, Madam, these for you; from whom I know not. [*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,—
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeignèd friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,—
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressèd queen?

Q. Mar. Renownèd prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposèd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit* Messenger.

K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And as occasion serves, this noble queen

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all except* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as embassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and others.*

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, *attended;* LADY GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and others.*

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I
No, God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words;
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposèd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride."
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.
Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on."
K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long."
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*
Glo. [*Aside.*] Not I:—
My thoughts aim at a farther matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true.

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain in* WARWICKSHIRE.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with French and other forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.—
But see where Somerset and Clarence come!

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly, my lords,—are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—
And welcome, Somerset;—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feignèd friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in' night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,

For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry*, "Henry!"
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EDWARD'S *Camp near* WARWICK.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the* KING'S *tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unless our halberts did shut up his passage.
2 *Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.
[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all*—"Warwick! Warwick!" *and set upon the* Guard; *who fly, crying*—"Arm! Arm!" WARWICK, *and the rest, following them.*

Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in his gown, sitting in a chair.* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use embassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him.—
Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I farther have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay:
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.
Riv. But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. Eliz. I am inform'd, that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; kind Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Park near* Middleham Castle *in* YORKSHIRE.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advértis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord: and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell. shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the* Tower.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,—
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if a humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incagèd birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessèd land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,—
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sov'reign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then, it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,

Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sov'reign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head.*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escapèd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sov'reign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, Lieutenant, *and* Attendants.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Before* YORK.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wanèd state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desirèd help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York *and* Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forewarnèd of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exit, with* Aldermen, *above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor *and* Aldermen, *below.*

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY *and forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! but why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [*A march begun.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,—
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sov'reign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] "Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland," &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this hórizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shall stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sov'reign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so, I take my leave.
Oxf. [*Kissing* HENRY'S *hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt* WAR. CLAR. OXF. *and* MONT.
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[*Shout within*—"A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—COVENTRY.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the* Mayor of Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. [*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, *with forces, drum, and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with forces, drum, and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with forces, drum, and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with forces, drum, and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love!—
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper.*
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory!
[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near* BARNET.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.—
Now Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealèd blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—"Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—
"O, farewell Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.

[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *body.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains near* TEWKSBURY.

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink.
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish,—that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit,
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,

And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and march. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. [*Exeunt both armies.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and forces; with* QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, *with* PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What, can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child,—
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What, wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exit, led out forcibly.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—LONDON. *A Room in the* Tower.

KING HENRY *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster and good devil were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit* Lieutenant

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limèd in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murd'ring innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,
An indigested and deformèd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy speech:
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,—
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word "love," which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit with the body.*

SCENE VII.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne;* QUEEN ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset,—threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords,—as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands,—two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,

And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his Master,
And cried—all hail! whenas he meant—all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales; afterwards* KING EDWARD V., } *Sons to the* KING.
RICHARD, *Duke of York*, }

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence*, }
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster; afterwards* KING RICHARD III., } *Brothers to the* KING.

A young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond; afterwards* KING HENRY VII.

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK. EARL OF SURREY, *his Son.*

EARL RIVERS, *Brother to* KING EDWARD'S *Queen:* MARQUESS OF DORSET, *and* LORD GREY, *her Sons.*

EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY. LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest. Another* Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of* KING EDWARD IV.

MARGARET, *Widow of* KING HENRY VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, *Mother to* KING EDWARD IV., CLARENCE, *and* GLOSTER.

LADY ANNE, *Widow of* EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, Son to* KING HENRY VI., *afterwards married to the* DUKE OF GLOSTER.

LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, *a young Daughter of* CLARENCE.

Lords, *and other* Attendants; *two* Gentlemen, *a* Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens. Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruisèd arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to mèrry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbèd steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,

Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determinèd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: what means this armèd guard,
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what a humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me:
His majesty hath straightly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say:
We speak no treason, man;—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.—
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it to call king Edward's widow, sister,—

I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce: farewell.
[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and* Guard.
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.—
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?
Enter HASTINGS.
Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pity, that the eagles should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. [*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *Another Street.*

Enter the corse of King Henry the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen *bearing halberds to guard it; and* LADY ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursèd be the hand that made these holes!
Cursèd the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursèd the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspéct
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—

Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interrèd there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The bearers take up the corse and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,—
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, begone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their cóngeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murd'rer dead;
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcherèd!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposèd evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursèd self.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: queen Margaret saw
Thy murd'rous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provokèd by her slaud'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provokèd by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou mayst be damnèd for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheerèd by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn a humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry,—
[*She offers at it with his sword.*
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,—
[*She again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*

Glo. Look, how my ring encompass th thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place;
Where,—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, *and* BERKLEY.

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her;—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, RIVERS, *and* GREY.

Riv. Have patience, Madam: there's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.
Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?
Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?
Buck. Ay, Madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—But that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,
(Whom God preserve better than you would wish!)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell:—the world is grown so bad.
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends':
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for—
Glo. She may, lord Rivers,—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition,—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormèd at:

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.
Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!—
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.
Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at St Albans slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sov'reign king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedler.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,—
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom,—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What, were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven!—
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathèd issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy, then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess! you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry:—learn it, learn it, marquess.
Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:—
O God! that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess!—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. [*Aside.*] So do I ever, being well advis'd:
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt all except* GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them 'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.—
But soft! here come my executioners.—

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout resolvèd mates!
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon; I have it here about me:
[*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate; do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.
1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Room in the* Tower.

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, Furies! take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,—
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,

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Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest.—

[CLARENCE *sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious.—
Let him see our commission; and talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to* BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep,—and there the keys:
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, Sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well.

[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, "judgment," hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What, art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it,—it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O, excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike!

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. [*Waking.*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
Both Murd. To, to, to—
Clar. To murder me?
Both Murd. Ay, ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
2 Murd. And he, that hath commanded, is our king.
Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
1 Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sov'reign's son.
2 Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1 Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avengèd for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive [yourself:
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God by murd'ring me?—

O, Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2 *Murd.* What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murd'rers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.
1 *Murd.* [*Stabs him.*] Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit, with the body.*
2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.
2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*
1 *Murd.* So do not I: go, coward as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. *Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, (*led in sick,*) QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so;—now have I done a good day's work:—
You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,—
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dors. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces* DORSET.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*To the* QUEEN.] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assurèd that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me!—This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[*Embracing* RIVERS, *&c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessèd period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sov'reign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.—
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensèd peers.

Glo. A blessèd labour, my most sov'reign lord.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne,
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, Madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holiday shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sov'reign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? [*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dors. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,

And that a wingèd Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him burièd.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. [*Kneeling.*] A boon, my sov'reign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sov'reign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man,—his fault was thought;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king?"
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,—
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once beg for his life.
O God, I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this!—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.—
Ah, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with a* Son *and* Daughter *of* CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will impórtune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son; ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it.—Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence,—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-wingèd souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,—
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!
Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.
Dors. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.
Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
[*Aside.*] That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,

Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all except* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince.
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes,—that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter a third Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O! full of danger is the duke of Gloster!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God.—Whither away?
2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
3 *Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. And so, no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good Madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.
Arch. Here comes a messenger.—

Enter a Messenger.

What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, Madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent to Pomfret.
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why or for what the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursèd and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damnèd spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [*To the* QUEEN.] My gracious lady, go:
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.
Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—
[*Exeunt* Mayor, &c.
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!
Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

Enter HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,

The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessèd sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.—
[*Exeunt* CARDINAL *and* HASTINGS.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long.—
[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* CARDINAL.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk:—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. [*Aside.*] With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Sennet. Exeunt* PRINCE, YORK, HASTINGS, CARDINAL, *and* Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensèd by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?
Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cates. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cates. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* LORD HASTINGS' *House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [*Knocking.*] My lord! my lord!—
Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?
Mess. One from the lord Stanley.
Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rasèd off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance:
And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cates. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I 'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cates. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,—
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Cates. The princes both make high account of you,—
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.
Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,—
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.—
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt* STAN. *and* CATESBY.
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou mett'st me last, where now we meet:
Then, was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.
[*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.—
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?
Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—POMFRET. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a* Guard, *conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN, *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damnèd blood-suckers.
Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Room in the* Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table: Officers of the* Council *attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak,—when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my honourable lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.
Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.
Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you, send for some of them.
Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. *Exit.*
Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Withdraw yourself a while; I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnèd witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom th' offenders: whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deservèd death.

Glo. Then, be your eyes the witness of their evil:
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have markèd me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damnèd strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of "ifs?"—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Ratcliff, look that it be done:—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt* Council, *with* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Come, come, despatch; the duke would be at dinner.
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—LONDON. *The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian:
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforcèd smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent,—
Glo. Look back, defend thee,—here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us:
Glo. Be patient, they are friends,—Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?
May. Had he done so?
Glo. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?
May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.
Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's words shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit* Lord Mayor
Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termèd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appearèd in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learnèd bishops.
Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
[*To* CATES.] Go thou to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.
[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATESBY.
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—LONDON. *The Court of* Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children.

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse:
And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good,
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again,—
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save king Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:"
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part,—still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.—

[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby,—what says your lord to my request?

Cates. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sov'reignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him:
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return, and tell his grace. [*Exit* CATESBY.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a gallery above, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:

And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—
True ornament to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;—
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,

Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer,—you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, were there need;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,—
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considerèd.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressèd widow.

Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derivèd course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM; *the* Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens, *retiring.*

Cates. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again.

[CATESBY *goes to the* Mayor, *&c., and then exit*

I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience, and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY; *the* Mayor, *&c., coming forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,—
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king.

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. [*To the* Bishops.] Come, let us to our holy work again.—
Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the* Tower.

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* MARQUESS OF DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE, *Duchess of Gloster, leading Lady* MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young* Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:—
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear Madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, Madam, no,—I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
[*To the Duchess of Gloster.*] Come, Madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crownèd Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!

Dors. Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's 'counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam.—
[*To* DORS.] Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursèd womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!
Stan. Come, Madam, come; I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—"Be thou," quoth I, "accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,—
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!
Duch. [*To* DORSET.] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—
[*To* ANNE.] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—
[*To* Q. ELIZ.] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!—

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
Q. Eliz. Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Sennet. RICHARD, *as king upon his throne;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—
Buck. My gracious sovereign?
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renownèd liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so:—but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—"true, noble prince!"—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit.*
Cates. [*Aside to another.*] The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. [*Descends from his throne.*] I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy!—

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither, boy.—
[*Exit* Page.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley! what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby:—rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter;—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—
[*Exit* CATESBY.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. [*Kneeling.*] James Tyrrel, and your most obedient sub-
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed? [ject.
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:—
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—
Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done,—
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
"O, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—"we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,

To bear this tidings to the bloody king:—
And here he comes.—

Enter KING RICHARD.

All health, my sov'reign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My lord!—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.—
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?
[*Retiring.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. [*Apart.*] When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. [*Coming forward.*] If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in gallèd eyes of weeping souls,—
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O, upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with other's moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither:—but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come.
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressèd widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou, well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damnèd son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drums heard.*
I hear his drum:—be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD *and his train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursèd womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do, then; but I 'll not hear

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?
K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam.—
Strike up the drum!
Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*
K. Rich. Stay, Madam; I must talk a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it;

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should [be?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?
K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, Madam?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way·

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but a son being king,
And by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame

Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title "ever" last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead,—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world,—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misus'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by God,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrongèd in the time o'er-past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:

It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.
[*Kissing her.* *Exit* Q. ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

How now! what news?

Rat. Most mighty sov'reign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither:—post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither,—[*To* CATESBY.] Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cates. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby:—bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cates. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sov'reign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore, mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sov'reign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértisèd,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advisèd friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquess Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms:
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,—
That is the best news: that the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* LORD STANLEY'S *House.*

Enter STANLEY *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That, in the sty of the most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord;
Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renownèd soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—SALISBURY. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff *and* Guard, *with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarrièd
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's dooms-day.
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies;
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feignèd prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain near* TAMWORTH.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, *and others, with forces marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:

From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.
Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.
Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter KING RICHARD *and forces; the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;
[Soldiers *begin to set up the* KING'S *tent.*
But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—
Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other* Lords. *Some of the* Soldiers *pitch* RICHMOND'S *tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:

I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.—
My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.—
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt.—Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cates. It 's supper time, my lord; it 's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied.—Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[KING RICHARD *retires into his tent.* *Exeunt* RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.

RICHMOND'S *tent opens, and discovers him and his* Officers, *&c.*
Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:

God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peize me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Officers, *&c., with* STANLEY.
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, *Son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. [*To* KING R.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrongèd souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* KING R.] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punchèd full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me: despair, and die,—
Harry the sixth bids thee despair, and die!—
[*To* RICHMOND.] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live, and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* KING R.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To* RICHMOND.] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *rise.*

Gh. of Riv. [*To* KING R.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Gh. of Grey. [*To* KING R.] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.

Gh. of Vaugh. [*To* KING R.] Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!—

All three. [*To* RICHMOND.] Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him!—Awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* KING R.] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings: despair, and die!—
[*To* RICHMOND.] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

The Ghosts of the two young PRINCES *rise.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die!—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—
[*To* RICHMOND.] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory:
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *rises.*

Ghost. [*To* KING R.] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
[*To* RICHMOND.] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am.
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they,—since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter KATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armèd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and* RATCLIFF.

Enter OXFORD *and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!
Richm. [*Waking.*] Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—
[*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, *and forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trainèd up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd, and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.
[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be orderèd:—
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placèd in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well wingèd with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*

K. Rich. [*Reads.*] "Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
A thing devisèd by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man to his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyèd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?— [*Drum afar off.*
Hark! I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK *and forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cates. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter from opposite sides KING RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter* RICHMOND, *with* STANLEY *bearing the crown, and divers other* Lords, *and forces.*

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurpèd royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen! [*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Embassador from the Emperor, Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
LORD CHANCELLOR.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN. LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries *to* WOLSEY.
CROMWELL, *Servant to* WOLSEY.
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to* QUEEN KATHARINE.
Three other Gentlemen. Garter, *King at Arms.*
DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the* KING.
Surveyor *to the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
BRANDON, *and a* Sergeant at Arms.
Door-keeper *of the Council-Chamber.* Porter, *and his* Man.
Page *to* GARDINER. *A* Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to* KING HENRY; *afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour; afterwards* QUEEN.
An Old Lady, *Friend to* ANNE BULLEN.
PATIENCE, *Woman to* QUEEN KATHARINE.

Several Lords *and* Ladies *in the Dumb Shows;* Women *attending upon the* QUEEN; Spirits, *which appear to her;* Scribes, Officers, Guards, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—*Chiefly in* LONDON *and* WESTMINSTER; *once, at* KIMBOLTON.

KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat

Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter, on one side, the Duke of Norfolk; *on the other, the* Duke of Buckingham *and* Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: to-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask

Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks súccessors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' embassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider farther, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (*the Purse borne before him,*) *certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where 's his examination?
1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt* WOLSEY *and train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that 's th' appliance only,
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he 's gone t' the king;
I 'll follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England

Can advise me like you: be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be:" to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—[*To* ABER.] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines farther.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Council-Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the* Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, Attendants. *The* KING *enters leaning on the* CARDINAL'S *shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The* KING *takes his state. The* Lords of the Council *take their several places. The* CARDINAL *places himself under the* KING'S *feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" *Enter the* QUEEN, *ushered by the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK; *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,—
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sov'reign would have note, they are

Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensèd will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the* Secretary.] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.
K. Hen. Speak freely.
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.
Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.
Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.
K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sov'reignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,

My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor's heirs,
(Tell you the duke,) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England."
Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, "Tush!
It can do me no damage;" adding farther,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man:—canst thou say farther?
Surv. I can, my liege.
K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—
K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; what hence?
Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."
K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, Madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us. By day and night,
He's traitor to the height! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
Or springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out christendom.—

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; (as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom;) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going:
(For, sure, there's no converting of them:) now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in* York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, *a longer table for the guests. Enter, on one side,* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests; on the other, enter* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord, you're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please them: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?—Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another* Lady.
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, Sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry:—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have them
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, Madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—
Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within; chambers discharged.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a* Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great embassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All arise, and tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye;—welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, *and others, as Maskers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* CARDINAL, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace,—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Ladies *chosen for the dance. The* KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me.

There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Maskers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.—

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I 'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. [*Unmasking.*] You have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,—
The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one!—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one:—sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—let 's be merry:—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O,—God save you
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he swet extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,—
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who, remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,—whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy,—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

2 *Gent.* Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there!
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it,
And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father;
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and train.*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, Sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
2 *Gent.* But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this, too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor;
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took them from me; with this reason,—his master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, Sir."
I fear he will indeed:—well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What 's the cause?
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he 'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great-nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these, to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand

If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me otherwhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door.* *The* KING *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there, ha?
Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I, ha?
Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—[*To* CAMPEIUS.] You're welcome
Most learnèd reverend Sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it.—[*To* WOLSEY.] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. [*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.] We are busy; go.
Nor. [*Aside to* SUF.] This priest has no pride in him.
Suf. [*Aside to* NOR.] Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to* SUF.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. [*Aside to* NOR.] I another.
[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks—
I mean the learnèd ones—in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learnèd priest, Cardinal Campeius,—
Whom once more I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission;—by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,—
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to* GARD.] Give me your hand: much joy and
You are the king's now. [favour to you;
Gard. [*Aside to* WOL.] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Ante-chamber in the* QUEEN'S *Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an* Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:—
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave, a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her
Anne. O, God's will! much better

She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sov'reignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that.—Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—[*Aside.*] I have perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—[*To her.*] I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,

For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a-year, for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess:—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in* Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habit of doctors; after them, the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *alone; after him, the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* ST ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman-Usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant at Arms, *bearing a silver mace; then two* Gentlemen, *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two* CARDINALS WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. Then enter the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and their trains. The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state; the two* CARDINALS *sit under him as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place at some distance from the* KING. *The* BISHOPS *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* BISHOPS. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the Hall.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry, king of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance,—glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up

To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul

Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,—
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.
[*She courtesies to the* KING, *and offers to depart.*
Cam. The queen is obstinate,

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She 's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now, the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIFFITH, *and her other* Attendants.

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens:—she 's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once, and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excus'd:

But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to 't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French embassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Towárd this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land,

And doctors learn'd:—first I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.
Lin. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.
Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my allegèd reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.
Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till farther day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*
K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-belovèd servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *The Palace at* Bridewell. *A Room in the* QUEEN'S *Apartment.*

The QUEEN, *and some of her women, at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung: as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake,—
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.
Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,—
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. [*Aside.*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men: (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,

In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, he has banish'd me his bed already,—
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long,—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
[*To her women.*] Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me

Almost no grave allow'd me:—like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Ante-chamber to the* KING'S *Apartment.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise

But that you shall sustain more new disgraces
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?
Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to 't!
Nor. All men's!
Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried, Ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, Ha! louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's

A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.—
The cardinal! [*They stand aside.*

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen? No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle. [*Remains aloof, meditating.*
Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!
Suf. The king, the king!

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule; and* LOVELL.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. [*Advancing.*] My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.
K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.
Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness.
K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which

You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. [*Aside.*] What should this mean?
Sur. [*Aside to the others.*] The Lord increase this business!
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?
Wol. My sov'reign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,

Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit, frowning upon* CARDINAL WOLSEY: the Nobles *throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*
Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king?—Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again.—What's this—"To the Pope?"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal, who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear farther from his highness
Wol. Stay,—
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,
(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy:
How eagerly ye fellow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents:—now, who'll take it!
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state

Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen)—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than my head.—Have at you!
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Embassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;

Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—this is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all except* WOLSEY.
Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an' you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel: and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Crom-
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories [well,
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!
Serve the king; and,—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my claims
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in* Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* You're well met once again.

2 *Gent.* So are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, Sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learnèd and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learnèd men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removèd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!— [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. *Two* Judges.
2. LORD CHANCELLOR, *with the purse and mace before him.*
3. Choristers *singing.* [*Music.*
4. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then* Garter, *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. MARQUESS DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the* EARL OF SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the* QUEEN *in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the* BISHOPS OF LONDON *and* WINCHESTER.
8. *The old* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* QUEEN'S *train.*
9. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know:—
Who's that that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same.—high-steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* [*Looking on the* QUEEN.] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good Sir, speak it to us.
3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people:
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;)
The other, London

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.—
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—KIMBOLTON.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still: and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessèd part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,

No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me.
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*
Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessèd troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. [*Aside to* GRIF.] Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. [*Aside to* PAT.] She is going, wench: pray, pray.

Pat. [*Aside to* GRIF.] Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord embassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same,—your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.
[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature,—
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester, a* Page *with a torch before him.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs, that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, Sir, Sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way: I know you wise, religious;

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; farther, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* KING *and the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
K. Hen. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, Sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.
Lov. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cran. [*Aside.*] I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty
T' attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till farther trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, farther.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,

I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRANMER.] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessèd wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir?

K. Hen. Give her a hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*

Old L. A hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lobby before the* Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c., *attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All fast? what means this?—Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow councillor,
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING *and* BUTTS, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt above.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the LORD CHANCELLOR, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* CHANCELLOR *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,—
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord:—it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure
Be known unto us:—are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.—
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Chan. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye.—Now have at ye!

Enter the KING, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sov'reign, how much are we bound to heaven,
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.—

[*To* CRANMER.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your grace,—
K. Hen. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sov'reign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,—
I'm sure, in me.
K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?
K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons:
You shall have two noble partners with you;
The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess Dorset:
Will these please you?—

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.
Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.
Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.
K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace-Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals!

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, Sir.
Port. You did nothing, Sir.
Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir, There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face; for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, "Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broom-staff with me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:
There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,

Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: you 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.
Port. Make way there for the princess.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.
Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, *with his marshal's staff,* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then, four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a* Lady; *then follows the* MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING *and train.*

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* KING *kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.
Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

To all the plains about him:—our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.
K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,—
She must, the saints must have her,—yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—"That's witty!"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them: if they smile
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } *his Sons.*
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } *Trojan Commanders.*
CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*
PANDARUS, *Uncle to* CRESSIDA.
MARGARELON, *a Bastard Son of* PRIAM.
AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*
MENELAUS, *his Brother.*
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } *Grecian Commanders.*
THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*
ALEXANDER, *Servant to* CRESSIDA. Servant *to* TROILUS; Servant *to* PARIS; Servant *to* DIOMEDES.

HELEN, *Wife to* MENELAUS.
ANDROMACHE, *Wife to* HECTOR,
CASSANDRA, *Daughter to* PRIAM; *a prophetess.*
CRESSIDA, *Daughter to* CALCHAS.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE,—TROY, *and the* Grecian Camp *before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruisèd Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.

Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—TROY. *Before* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I 'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I 'll not meddle nor make no farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here 's yet in the word "hereafter," the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie intrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!—This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit* PANDARUS. *An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returnèd home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—
But to the sport abroad;—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—TROY. *A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men,—unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle, Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says, here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself:—would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end: well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him,—his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—not brown neither

Cres. No. but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him,—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then:—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing!—queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed,—

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but one-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "One-and-fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS *passes.*

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR *passes.*

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in

Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece!—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks! there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good:—look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by god's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—

PARIS *passes.*

Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS *passes.*

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus:—I marvel where Troilus is:—that's Helenus:—I think he went not forth to-day:—that's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus:—'tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way,

Troilus, go thy way!—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Cres. Here come more.

Forces pass.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat!—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws!—I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles,—a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date 's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit* Boy.
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I 'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle.

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token,—you are a bawd.— [*Exit* PANDARUS.
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows naught, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The* Grecian Camp. *Before* AGAMEMNON'S *Tent.*

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmisèd shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames, which are, indeed, naught else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.
Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.
Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—[*To* AGAM.] most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To* NEST.] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
I give to both your speeches,—which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be 't of l
That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right: or rather, right and wrong

(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration."
That 's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:

They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud. [*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good,—or do his best to do it—
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.
Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,

That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, Sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
[*Exeunt all except* ULYSSES *and* NESTOR.
Ulyss. Nestor,—
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:—
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, (though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will, with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.
Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?
Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush

In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the* Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon,—how if he had boils,—full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then.
[*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, then, thou vinewed'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico may tutor thee: thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you this?—
How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I 'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax,—

[AJAX *offers to strike him;* ACHILLES *interposes.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit,—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you, there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall,—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so;—a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There 's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites, peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpolls, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain,—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farew

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not,—it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—TROY. *A Room in* PRIAM'S

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else,—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:"—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—"Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,—

What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?
Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!
Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?
Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go, go,")
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—"Inestimable!") why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,—
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for, and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But, I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.

What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbèd wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canónize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revénue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advértis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The* Grecian Camp. *Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then, there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen.—What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who 's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where 's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who 's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,—what 's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles:—then tell me, Patroclus, what 's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites:—then tell me, I pray thee, what 's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw

emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.
[*Taking* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digestion sake,—
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him, and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this: and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.
Agam. What's his excuse?
Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.
Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?
Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—"No recovery."
Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.
Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—"Achilles go to him."
Nest. [*Aside.*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.
Dio. [*Aside.*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!
Ajax. If I go to him, with my armèd fist I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheese his pride: let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [*Aside.*] How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [*Aside.*] He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. [*Aside.*] An 't would, you 'd carry half.

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] 'A would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I will make him supple.

Nest. [*Aside.*] He 's not yet through warm: force him with praises. Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*To* AGAM.] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles,

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—TROY. *A Room in* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant.

Pan. Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles.—[*Music within.*] What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, Sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, Sir: marry, Sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, Sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee, now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

[*Sings.*]

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh! love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. A retreat sounded.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—TROY. PANDARUS' *Orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* TROILUS' Boy, *meeting.*

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, Sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Boy.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard; I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repurèd nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready; she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS *with* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here

she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably" —Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant,—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition

shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me,—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel!—Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?
Cres. Sir, mine own company.
Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.
Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.
Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.
Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not; for to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
Cres. In that I 'll war with you.
Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The* Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,

To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.
Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.
Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.
Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like, he 'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Agam. We 'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agam. [*To* NEST.] What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better. [*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*
Achil. What! does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus!
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses!
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection,
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here, in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing
(Though in and of him there be much consisting)
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things, again, most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars,—neither gave to me
Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then, what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then, marvel not, thou great and complete man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves
And drave great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
Achil. Ha! known!
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.
All the commérce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*
Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
T' invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of a heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like a hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—There were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my embassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not an-

swering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. H'm!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. H'm!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,—unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that 's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—TROY. *A Street.*

Enter, on one side, ÆNEAS, *and* Servant *with a torch; on the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who is that there?
Dei. It is the lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand cómplete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let 's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we 'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit with* Servant.
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed,—'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamèd piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
Dio. She 's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins,
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—TROY. *A Court before the House of* PANDARUS.

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow, then.
Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried.—Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.
Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia!—hast not

slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him?

Cres. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—
[*Knocking.*

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—
[*Knocking.*

How earnestly they knock.—Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas! By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: it doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: —for my own part, I came in late.—What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're 'ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS *is going out, re-enter* TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him, forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them:—and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* ÆNEAS.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praisèd cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—TROY. *Street before* PANDARUS' *House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* PANDARUS' *House.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. [*Embracing him.*] O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. "O heart,"—as the goodly saying is,—

——"O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

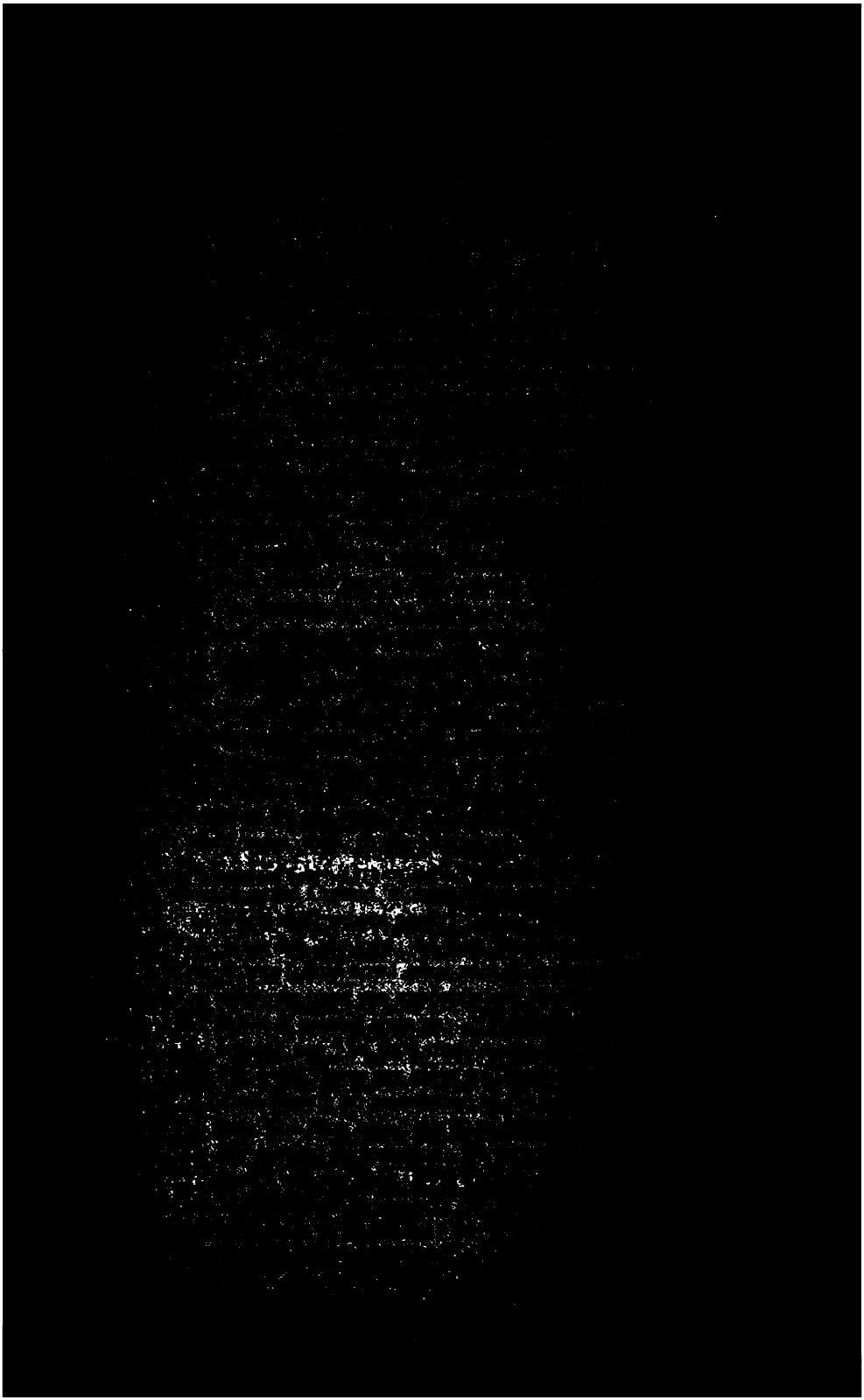
"Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship nor by speaking."

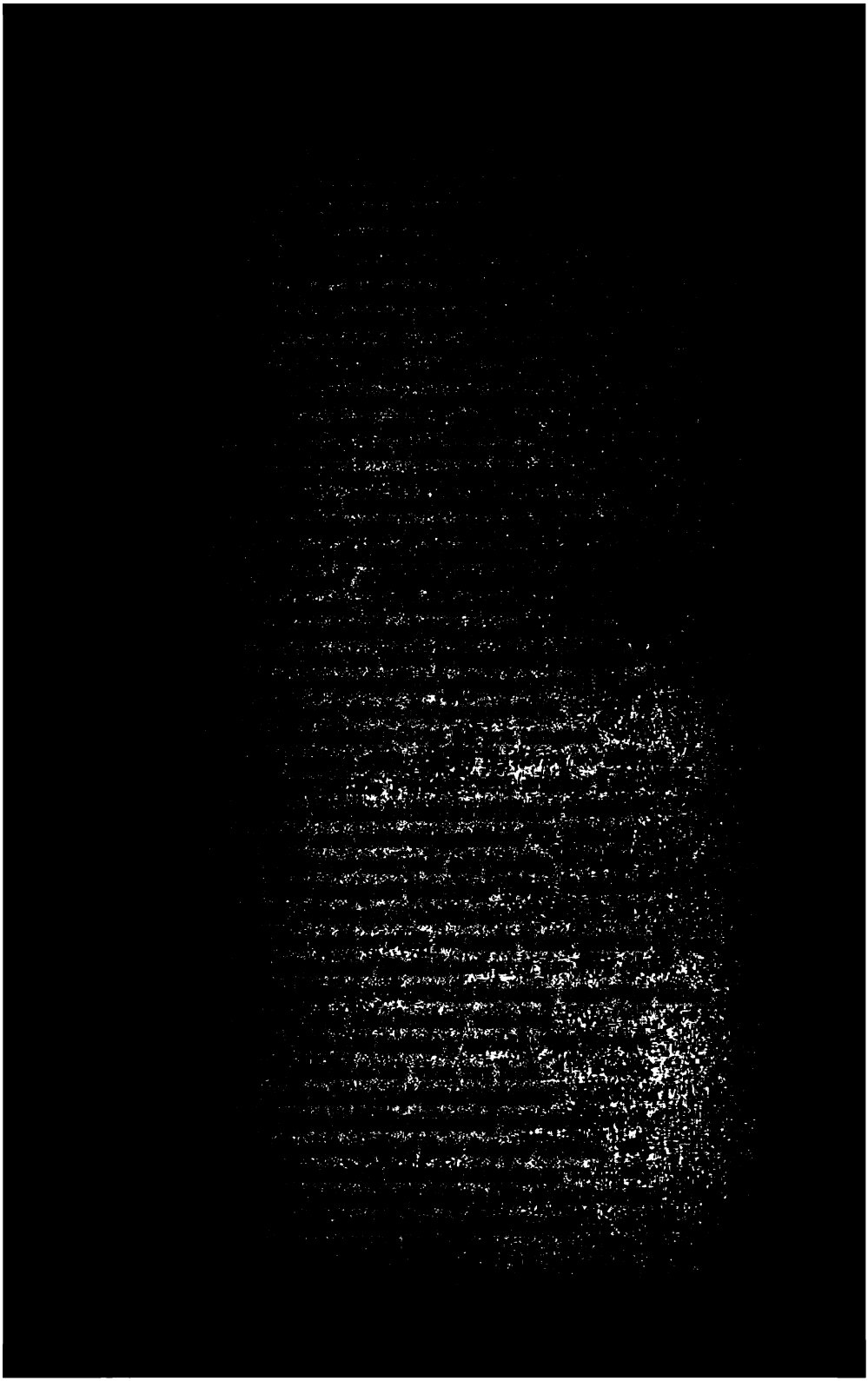
There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods,—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.





Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—Be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—No.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROI. CRESS. *and* DIOM. *Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The* Grecian Camp. *Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appallèd air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spherèd bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yond' Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:—
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O, deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir.—Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg, then.
Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.
[*Leads out* CRESSIDA.
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie, upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet heard.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other Trojans, with attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.
Agam. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not Achilles, Sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Æne. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.
Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the lists.*
Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.
Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why, then will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say—"This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:—
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earnèd in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O-yes

Cries, "This is he!") could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What farther you will do.
Hect. We 'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that 's no welcome: understand more clear,
What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. [*To* TROILUS.] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, Sir; she 's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advancèd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd,
That I have said to some my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow:—
Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:

We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all except* TROILUS *and* ULYSSES.

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, Sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, Sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* Grecian Camp. *Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou, then, exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies,—diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and 'gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow

enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-dey! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.
Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* MENELAUS.
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [*Aside to* TROILUS.] Follow his torch; he goes
To Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company.
Tro. Sweet Sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so, good night.
[*Exit* DIOMEDES; ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NESTOR.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The* Grecian Camp. *Before* CALCHAS' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here? ho! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES, *who remains apart.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Pho, pho! come, tell a pin; you are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith, you shall not
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond',
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.— [*Exit* DIOMEDES.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err: O, then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, "My mind is now turn'd whore."
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we, then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers: do not give advantage
To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relicks
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulgèd well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stainèd name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.

Ther. [*Advancing.*] Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—TROY. *Before* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!
Hect. How now! how now!
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergallèd with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit* ANDROMACHE.
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away! away!
Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft!—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR. *Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it, hark!—Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.— [*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains between* TROY *and the* Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve, of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.—Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMEDES, *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no,—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle;—yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashèd corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathé his horse,

And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scalèd sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?—
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:—
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Plains*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both!
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Ha!—Have at thee, Hector!

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with Myrmidons.*

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Same.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting: then,* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!—The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[*Pulls off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and Myrmidons.*

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[HECTOR *falls.*

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."—

[*A retreat sounded.*

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt*

SCENE X.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums!
[*Within.*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along:—let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector!—The gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so.
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And, thou great-siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armèd tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall,
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some gallèd goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, COMINIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to* CORIOLANUS.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Young MARCIUS, *Son to* CORIOLANUS.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant *to* AUFIDIUS.
Conspirators *with* AUFIDIUS.
A Citizen *of* Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to* CORIOLANUS.
VIRGILIA, *Wife to* CORIOLANUS.
VALERIA, *Friend to* VIRGILIA.
Gentlewoman, *attending on* VIRGILIA.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants *to* AUFIDIUS, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—*Partly in* ROME; *and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

1 *Cit.* Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: for the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet:—suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more

piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, Sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive.
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crownèd head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you 'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while, you 'll hear the belly's answer.
1 *Cit.* You 're long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:—
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain,
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends," this says the belly, mark me,—
1 *Cit.* Ay, Sir; well, well.
Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't?
1 *Cit.* It was an answer: how apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for, examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think,—
You, the great toe of this assembly?—
1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.—

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!
Mar. Thanks.—What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
1 Cit. We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.
Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?
Mar. They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!
They said, they were a-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms.
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, *hastily.*

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, Sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't: then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us,—
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader.
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:—
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you,
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Marcius!
1 *Sen.* [*To the* Citizens.] Hence to your homes; be gone!
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. *and* MENEN.
Citizens *steal away.*
Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Bemock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"
Sic. Besides, if things go well,

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—CORIOLI. *The* Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *and certain* Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:— [*Reads.*
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it."
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find,
They 've not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.
All. The gods assist you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
1 Sen. Farewell.
2 Sen. Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *A Room in* MARCIUS' *House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA; *they sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam,—how then?

Vol. Then, his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her* Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again: and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, Madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* CORIOLI.

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, *and* Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.
Lart. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horse is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie these armies?
Mess. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.—
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

A parley sounded. Enter, on the walls, two Senators, *and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums [*Drums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!
[*Alarum afar off.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum; and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS, *enraged.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen; and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind: backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agu'd fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow'd.

Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into CORIOLI, *and* MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[MARCIUS *enters the gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I. [MARCIUS *is shut in.*

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir!

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.—*Within* CORIOLI. *A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, *with spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of* COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS *and forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought! we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, Sirs.

We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends.—Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder.
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [*Within.*] Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip you
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,

Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O, me alone! Make you a sword of me!
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of* CORIOLI.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon* CORIOLI, *going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a party of* Soldiers, *and a* Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—
[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of* AUFIDIUS.
Officious, and not valiant,—you have sham'd me
In your condemnèd seconds.
[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter from one side, COMINIUS *and Romans; from the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, "We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done
As you have done,—that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been,—that's for my country;
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,

To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry,* "Marcius! Marcius!" *cast up their caps and lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing,
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk!
Let them be made an overture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,—
Which, without note, here's many else have done,—
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and at all times,
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it; 'tis yours. What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volsces.*

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with two or three* Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ROME. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint,—hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weal's-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *retire.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Vir. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—a letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench.—Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded,—I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded? —[*To the* Tribunes, *who come forward.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. —[*To* VOL.] Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renownèd Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renownèd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—[*To* VALERIA.] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O, welcome home;—
And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes:—I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy:—welcome:
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,

That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. [*To his Wife and Mother.*] Your hand,—and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not
But our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes *remain.*
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word. O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like he will.
Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to his power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire

To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *The* Capitol.

Enter two Officers, *to lay cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes,—to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and

courteous to the people, bonneted, without any farther deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them,* COMINIUS *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other* Senators, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:

But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—
[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.
1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, Sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one on's ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxèd like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, (death's stamp,)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all's his:
When, by and by, the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. [*Aside to* SIC.] Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;—
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!—

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *The* Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our

noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will,—'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.—Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Men. O Sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—
"I pray, Sir,"—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—"Look, Sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roared, and ran
From the noise of our own drums."

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you: pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.— [*Exit* MENENIUS.
So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, Sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, Sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir.—There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—I have your alms: adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the two* Citizens.

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, Sir, flatter my sworn brother, the

people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, Sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.
Here come more voices.—

Re-enter three other Citizens.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more.
Your voices: indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains

That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I change these garments?
Sic. You may, Sir.
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* MENEN.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds.—Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech,—he did not mock us.
2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
All. No, no; no man saw 'em.
3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me:
Your voices therefore:" when we granted that,
Here was, "I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices.
I have no farther with you."—Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.
Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?
3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds,
Preoccupied with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continu'd: and what stock he springs of,—
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixèd enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To the Capitol,
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ROME. *A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then, the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—[*To* LARTIUS.] Welcome home.—

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no farther.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no farther.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place,

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandall'd the suppliants for the people,—call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again,—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any farther.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall?"
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. "Shall!"
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.
Com. Well,—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,—
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,

They would not thread the gates,—this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—

What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people;—[*Exit* BRUTUS.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with the* Ædiles *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!—
[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Citizens. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him!
Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!
Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace!
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. [*Drawing his sword.*] No, I'll die here.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the people are beaten in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!—
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, Sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol)—
Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and others.*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, Sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no farther harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?
Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread farther.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—come,—
Men. Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I 'll bring him to you.—
[*To the* Senators.] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CORIOLANUS' *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me farther, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals; things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war.—

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I, then, do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where,
My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, Sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbèd sconce?
Must I, with my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son,—as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as a eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery farther.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly:—pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it, then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *The* Forum

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home,—that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so,
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry "Fine,"—if death, cry "Death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.
Bru. Go about it.— [*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.
Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
1 *Sen.* Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say!
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider farther,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock! to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no farther:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger

But with a grain a day,—I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it;—in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He 's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then, if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)

Making but reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ROME. *Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife,—my mother:
I 'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I 'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee: and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let 's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand :—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home ; he 's gone, and we 'll no farther.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit* Ædile.
Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let 's not meet her.
Bru. Why ?
Sic. They say, she 's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us : keep on your way.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Vol. O, you 're well met : the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love !
Men. Peace, peace ; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—[*To* BRUTUS.] Will you be gone ?
Vir. [*To* SICIN.] You shall stay too : I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind ?
Vol. Ay, fool ; is that a shame ?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words ?—
Sic. O blessed heavens !
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words ;
And for Rome's good.—I 'll tell thee what ;—yet go :—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit, himself,
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble;—
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries, which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highway between* ROME *and* ANTIUM.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, Sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! Is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, Sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, Sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ANTIUM. *Before* AUFIDIUS' *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then, know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.—

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, Sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: farewell. [*Exit* Citizen.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—ANTIUM. *A Hall in* AUFIDIUS' *House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter a second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.—Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, Sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away! Get you away.

Cor. Now, thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, you will not?—Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows!—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, Sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher: hence!
[*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and the second* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, Sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling.*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?
[Servants *retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge

Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight.
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'Tis true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grainèd ash a hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know, thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all

From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say, "Yea," to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, Sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so; looking as it were,—Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who, my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six on him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals!

1, 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemned man.

1, 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends: He was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news.

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

1 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't! he will do't; for, (look you, Sir,) he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, Sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is

a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. —They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—ROME. *A Public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.—Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—

Enter MENENIUS.

Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-den, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Citizens. Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy Sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
God Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 *Mess.* You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates:
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—

Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit.—You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, Sir?
Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man hath mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Both Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But I fear

They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Citizens. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You 're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall 's to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt* COM. *and* MEN.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us!—Come, masters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But, come, let 's home. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol:—would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp, at a small distance from* ROME.

Enter AUFIDIUS *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier.
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,
(I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sov'reignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace,

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit
To choke it in the utt'rance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Brutus, *and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so,—you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,

It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well: could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue.
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No, I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An advanced post of the Volscian Camp before* ROME. *The* Guard *at their stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: whence are you?
2 *G.* Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
1 *G.* From whence?
Men. From Rome.
1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.
2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.
1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a paper.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

Auf. You keep a constant temper

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *G.* Now, Sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of* CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—[*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that court'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.
Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans." O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee.—Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple:—dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove

To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear naught from Rome in private.—Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies, would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound,—together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man

Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last:—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. [*After holding* VOLUMNIA *by the hand in silence.*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,—
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me: for my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The ladies make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. [*To them.*] Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ROME. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coigne o' the Capitol,—yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is nnished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him, than there is

milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

2 *Mess.* Good news, good news:—the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

2 *Mess.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'd not have given a doit.—Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

2 *Mess.* Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

2 *Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, *and people. They pass.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother
Cry,—"Welcome, ladies, welcome!"
All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ANTIUM. *A Public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports, by this, hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: despatch. [*Exeunt* Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators *of* AUFIDIUS' *faction.*

Most welcome!
1 *Con.* How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2 *Con.* Most noble Sir,
If you do hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,

Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose,
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
1 *Con.* So he did, my lord,—
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*
1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the city.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drums and colours; a crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and,
With bloody passage, led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!—how now!
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say your city) to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like

A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but, at his nurse's tears,
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Conspirators. Let him die for't.

Citizens. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces; do it presently: he killed my son;—my daughter;—he killed my cousin Marcus;—he killed my father,—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS *and the* Conspirators *draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls:* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus!

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet.—
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,—
And mourn you for him:—let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS. *A dead march sounded.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.*
BASSIANUS, *Brother to* SATURNINUS; *in love with* LAVINIA.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the* Goths.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to* TITUS.
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, MUTIUS, *Sons to* TITUS ANDRONICUS.
Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to* LUCIUS.
PUBLIUS, *Son to* MARCUS *the Tribune.*
ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*
ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *Sons to* TAMORA.
AARON, *a Moor, beloved by* TAMORA.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, *and* Clown; Romans.
Goths *and* Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the* Goths.
LAVINIA, *Daughter to* TITUS ANDRONICUS.
A Nurse, *and a black Child.*

Kinsmen *of* TITUS, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE,—ROME; *and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the* Capitol.

The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below,* Saturninus *and his followers, on one side; and* Bassianus *and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:

A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastisèd with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renownèd Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of* BASSIANUS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish.* SAT. *and* BAS. *go up into the* Capitol, *and exeunt with* Senators, MARCUS, *&c.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter a Captain, *and others.*

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribèd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS; *after them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other* Goths, *prisoners;* Soldiers *and people following. The bearers set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.— [*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;

That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I give him you,—the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressèd queen.
Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
Tit. Patient yourself, Madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.
Then, Madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth naught, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damnèd grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father live, in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceasèd emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?—
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—"Long live our emperor!"

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say,—"Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"
[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To* TAMORA.] Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him, that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:

Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go;
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS *courts* TAMORA *in dumb show.*

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing* LAVINIA.

Tit. How, Sir! Are you in earnest, then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

Mar. Suum cuique is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the emperor's guard?—
Treason, my lord,—Lavinia is surpris'd!

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS *and* BASSIANUS, *with* LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy trait'rous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these!

Sat. But go thy ways: go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquerèd:
There shall we cónsummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS *and his followers;* TAMORA *and her sons;* AARON *and* Goths.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride:—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challengèd of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:—
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.
Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that word?
Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?
Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[MARCUS *and the sons of* TITUS *kneel.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Mar. Renownèd Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS *is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

All. [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,—
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not, then, beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Mar. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, on one side, SATURNINUS, *attended;* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON: *on the other side,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile, I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What, Madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forefend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
[*Aside to* SAT.] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I su'd for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.—
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash:
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.—
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meanwhile, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. [*Advancing.*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say!—
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.
Aar. To achieve her!—How?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me,—Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend:
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest near Rome.*

Horns, and cry of hounds heard. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with hunters, &c.;* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day now comfort hath inspir'd.
[*Horns wind a peal.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good:—
I promisèd your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—[*To* TAMORA.] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A desert Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem.
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest. [*Hides the gold.*

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rollèd in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And,—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, Madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more,—we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress,—Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress.
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandonèd her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformèd limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place:—
A barren detested vale you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven:—
And, when they show'd me this abhorrèd pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confusèd cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.
Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs* BASSIANUS.
Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
[*Also stabs* BASS., *who dies.*
Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.
Tam. Give me thy poniard;—you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her:
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. An if she do, I would I were a eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.
Chi. I warrant you, Madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preservèd honesty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Listen, fair Madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To* CHIRON.] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.
Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true,—the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means:—away with her!
Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.
Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—
Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[DEMETRIUS *throws the body of* BASSIANUS *into the pit; then exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *dragging off* LAVINIA.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while. [*Falls into the pit.*
Quin. What, art thou fallen?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*
Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprisèd with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewèd here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me,—I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Re-enter AARON *with* SATURNINUS.

Sat. Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left him all alive;
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, *with* Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.
Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
Sat. [*Reads.*] "An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?—
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. [*Showing it.*
Sat. [*To* TITUS.] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discoverèd!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursèd sons,—
Accursèd, if the fault be prov'd in them,—
Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word,—the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Wind horns. Enter MARCUS, *from hunting.*

Mar. Who 's this,—my niece,—that flies away so fast?—
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece,—what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in.
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind.
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealèd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, *and Officers of Justice, with* Martius *and* Quintus, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent

In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, *&c., with the prisoners.*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;

And, were they but attirèd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,—
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.— [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banishèd!—
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, Lavinia, what accursèd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them,
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.
Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of farther misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine;
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?

O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
[*Aside.*] But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off* TITUS' *hand.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be, is despatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited,—that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!—[*To* LAV.] What, wilt thou kneel with me?

Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then, be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be movèd with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, *with two heads and a hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,—
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA *kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then, which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.—
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.
Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,—
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,

But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* TITUS' *House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
[*To* LAV.] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,—
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—

Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Mar. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[MARCUS *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, Sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!—
Yet I think we are not brought so low,

But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chancèd in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ROME. *Before* TITUS' *House.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS, *running, with books under his arm, and* LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.
Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:—
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.
Mar. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit, or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—

Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, Madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA *turns over the books which* LUCIUS *had let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*

I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magne dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord, although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as, with the woful feere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind

Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where 's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say you?
Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Mar. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.—
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we 'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and* Boy.
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstacy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON; *from the other, young* LUCIUS, *and an* Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.
Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus,—
[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods, confound you both!
Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?
Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.—[*To them.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth.

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armèd and appointed well:
And so I leave you both,—[*Aside.*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt* Boy *and* Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see:—
[*Reads.*] "*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just,—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.—
[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest a while.—
[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advancèd to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our belovèd mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
[*Trumpets sound.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, *with a black-a-moor Child in her arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords: O, tell me, did you see
Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!—
She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathèd choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:—
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the* Nurse, *and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself,—
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchisèd and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stampèd in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords: when we join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,

The chafèd boar, the mountain lioness.
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself;
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.
Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:—
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.—
[*Stabbing her: she screams.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepared to the spit. [Nurse *dies.*
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?
Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be receivèd for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the* Nurse.
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then, let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* CHI. *bearing off the* Nurse.
Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit with the Child.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters on the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other* Gentlemen, *with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.—
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.—
Sirs, take you to your tools.—You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What,
Have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear.—You are a good archer, Marcus;
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that 's for you:—here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that 's for myself:—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury:—
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid.—
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.
Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.
Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.
Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, *with a basket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.—

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho, the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, Sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, Sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like a humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, Sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ROME. *Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, *and others*: SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand that* TITUS *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,

Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
(However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears,) there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,—
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feignèd ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressèd plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts.—[*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and Saint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lord,—Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolvèd men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say,
(When I have walkèd like a private man,)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
[*To* ÆMIL.] Go thou before, be our embassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit* ÆMILIUS.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near* ROME.

Enter LUCIUS, *and an army of* Goths, *with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approvèd warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have receivèd letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursèd Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON, *with his Child in his arms.*

2 Goth. Renownèd Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:—
"Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."—
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,—

A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which* AARON *is made to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on: and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind! I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Whom should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I 'll urge him:—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
1 *Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carvèd in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

3 *Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *Before* TITUS' *House.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

TITUS *appears, above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.
Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,—
Revenge,—which makes the foul offender quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stand;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,—
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS, *below.*

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For well I wot the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revengèd on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother, 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,—
A pair of cursèd hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. [*Aside to* TAM.] Madam depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

[*Exit* TAMORA.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS *and others.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them,—Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,—
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:—
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:—
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

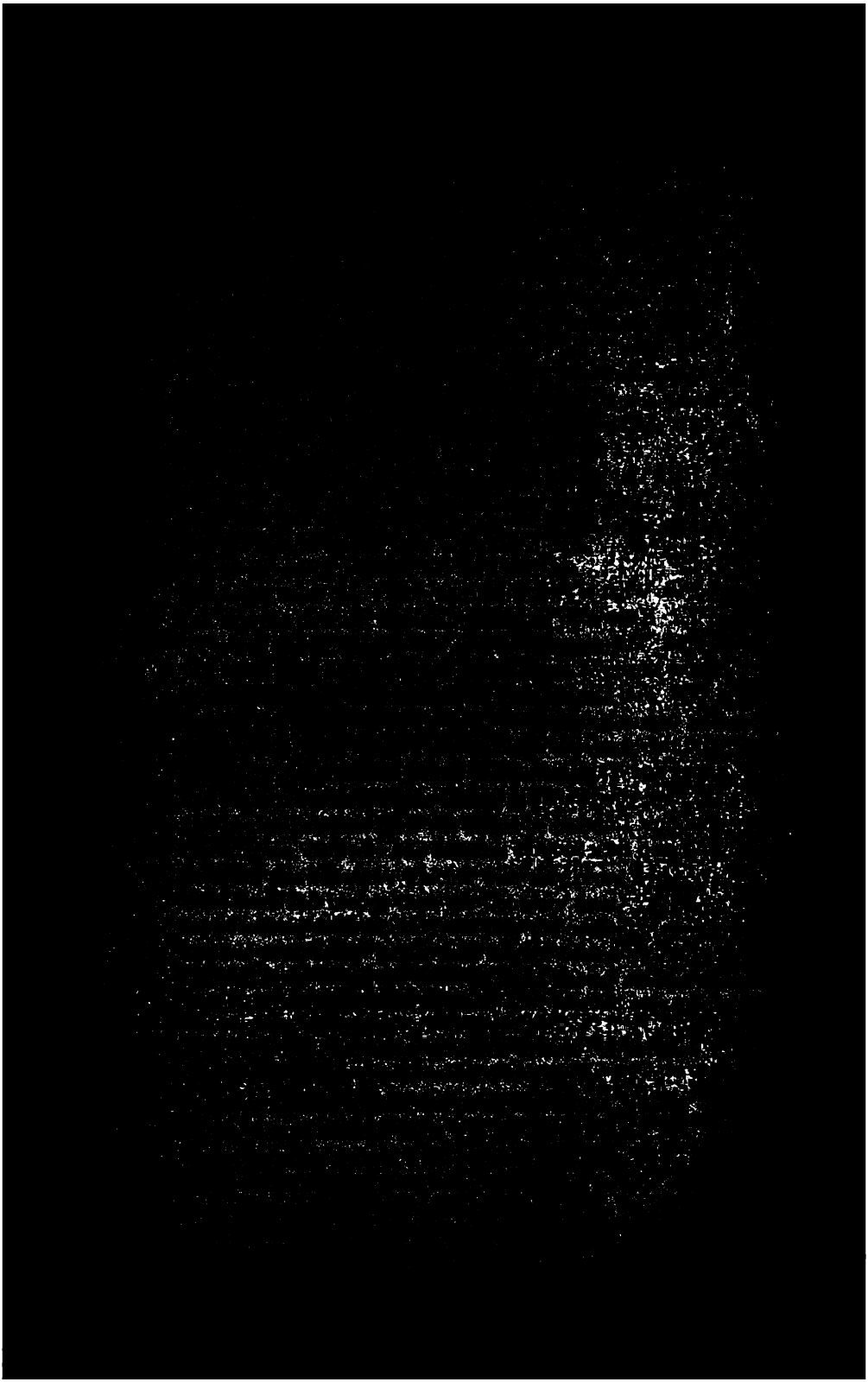
[*Exit* TITUS. PUBLIUS, *&c., seize* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a bason, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud:
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,



Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—
[*Exeunt* Goths *with* AARON. *Flourish heard.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, Senators, *and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled, young* LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

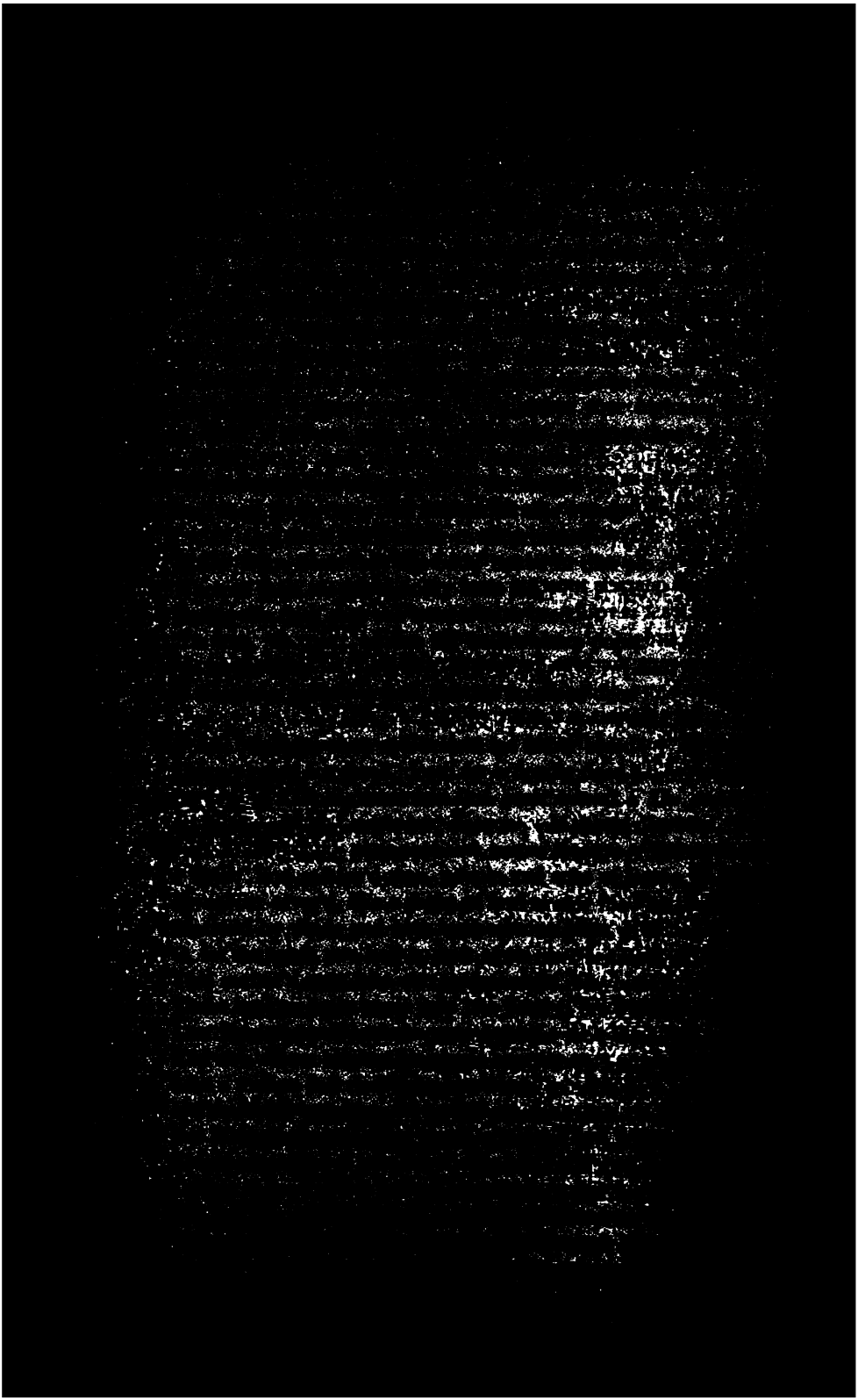
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

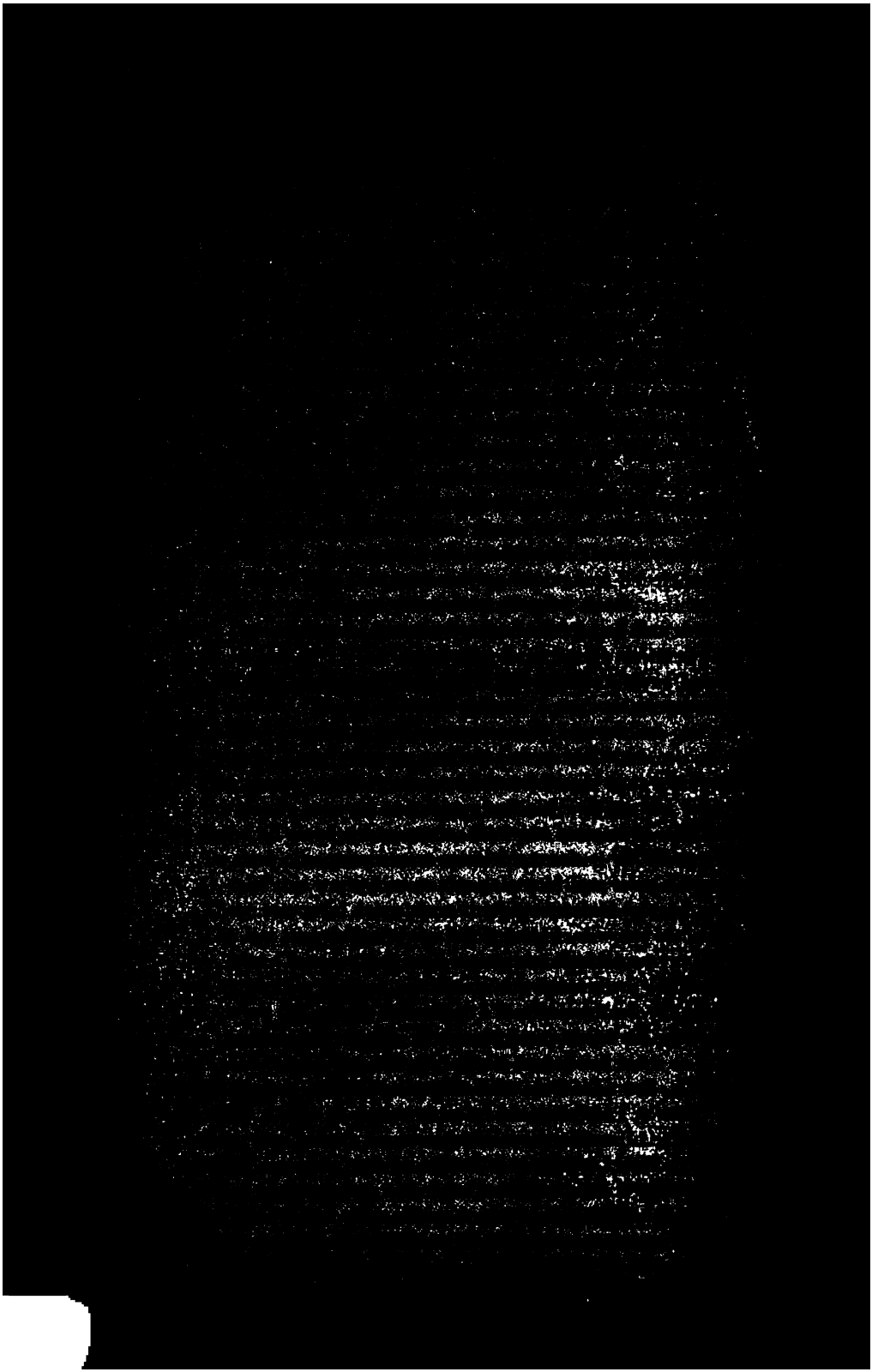
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;



The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy,—
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursèd Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murderèd our emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravishèd our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banishèd,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,—
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an* Attendant.
Of this was Tamora deliverèd;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd, as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge



Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

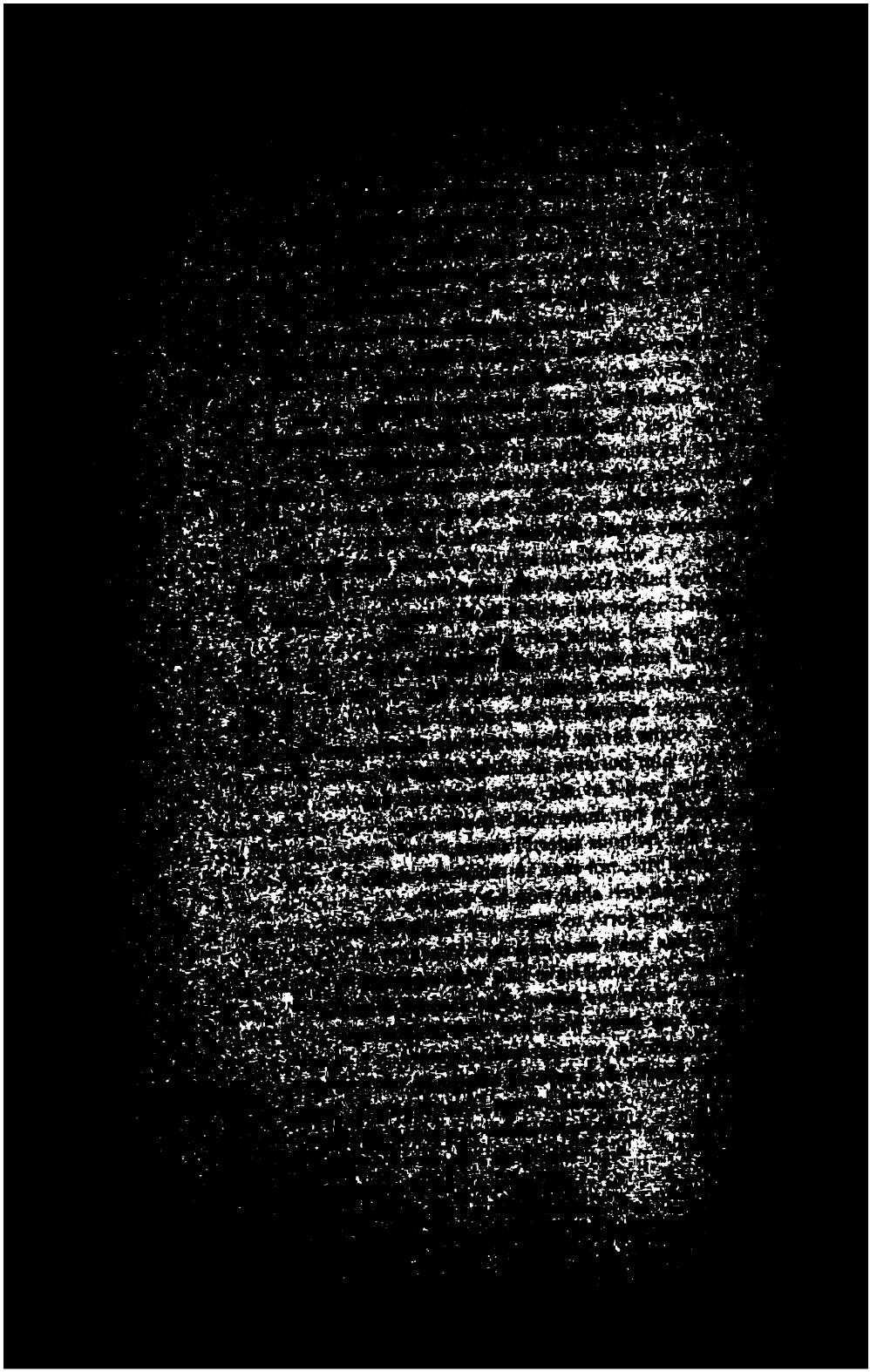
Re-enter Attendants, *with* AARON.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes!
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

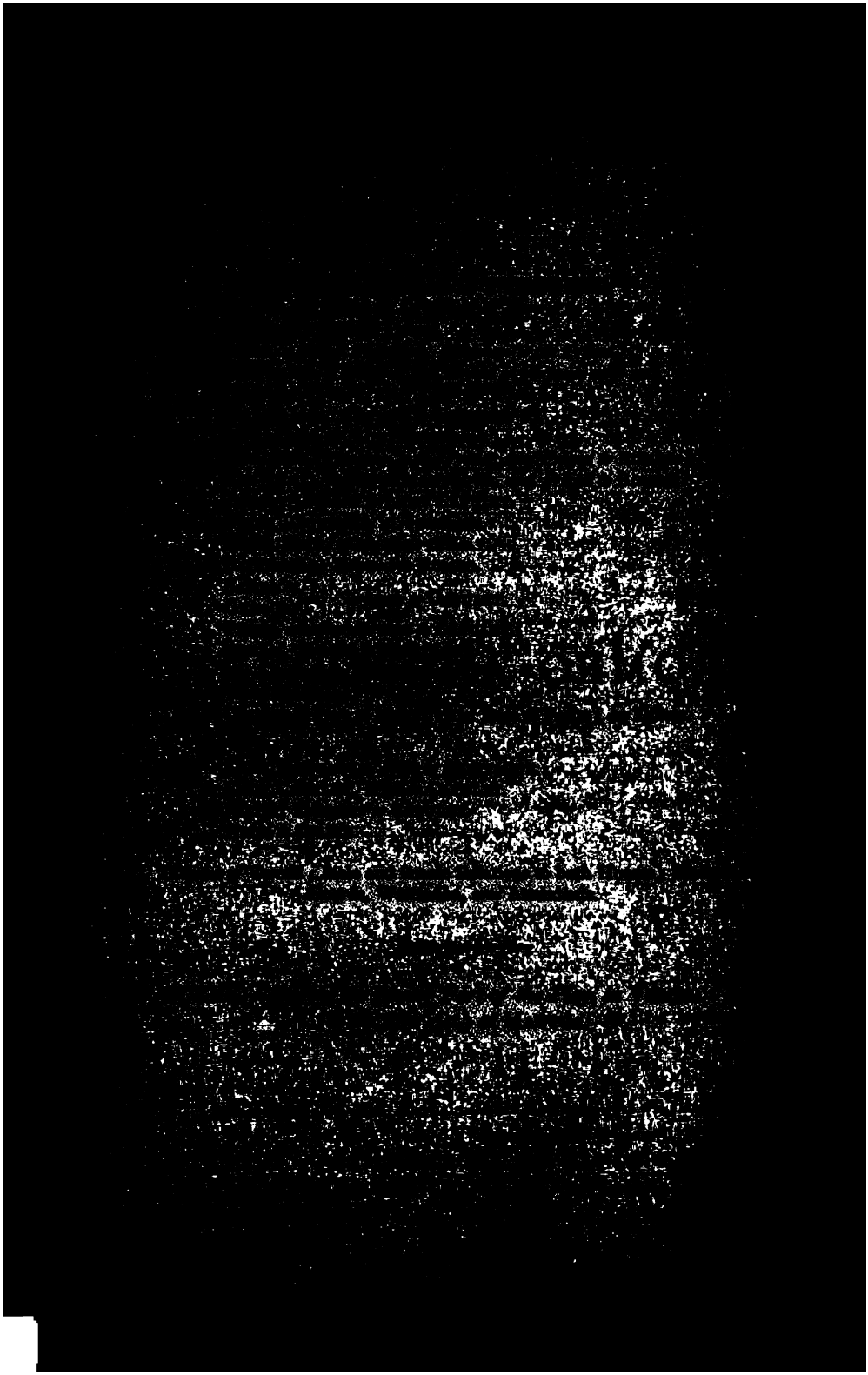
Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closèd in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*



ROMEO AND JULIET.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

Chorus.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
  In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
  Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
  A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows,
  Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
  And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
  Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Gre. [*Aside to* SAM.] Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, *with clubs and partisans.*

Citizens. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

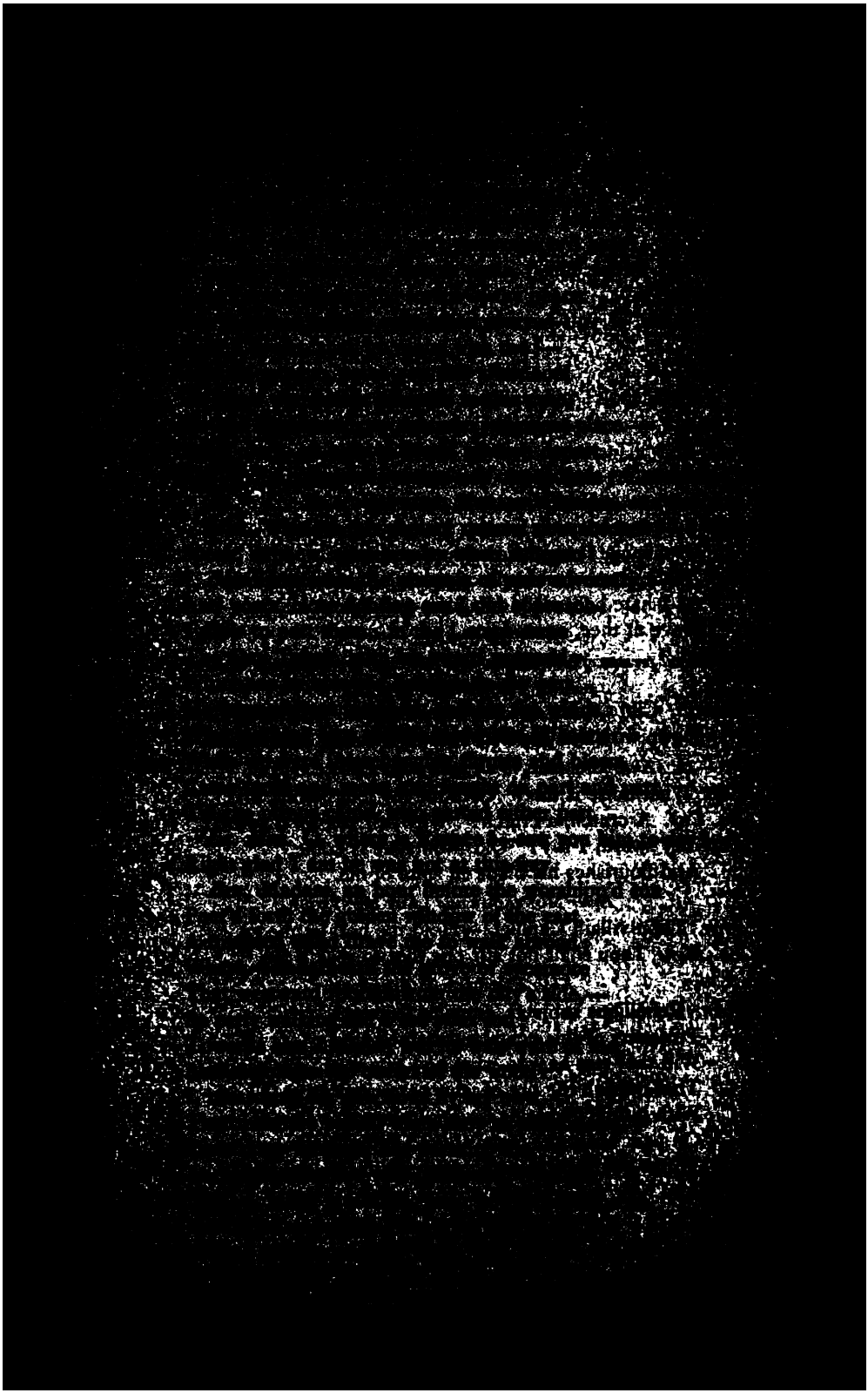
Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with* Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stainèd steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,



But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself,—I will not say how true,—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Ben. See where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I 'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, Madam, let 's away.

[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and* LADY

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

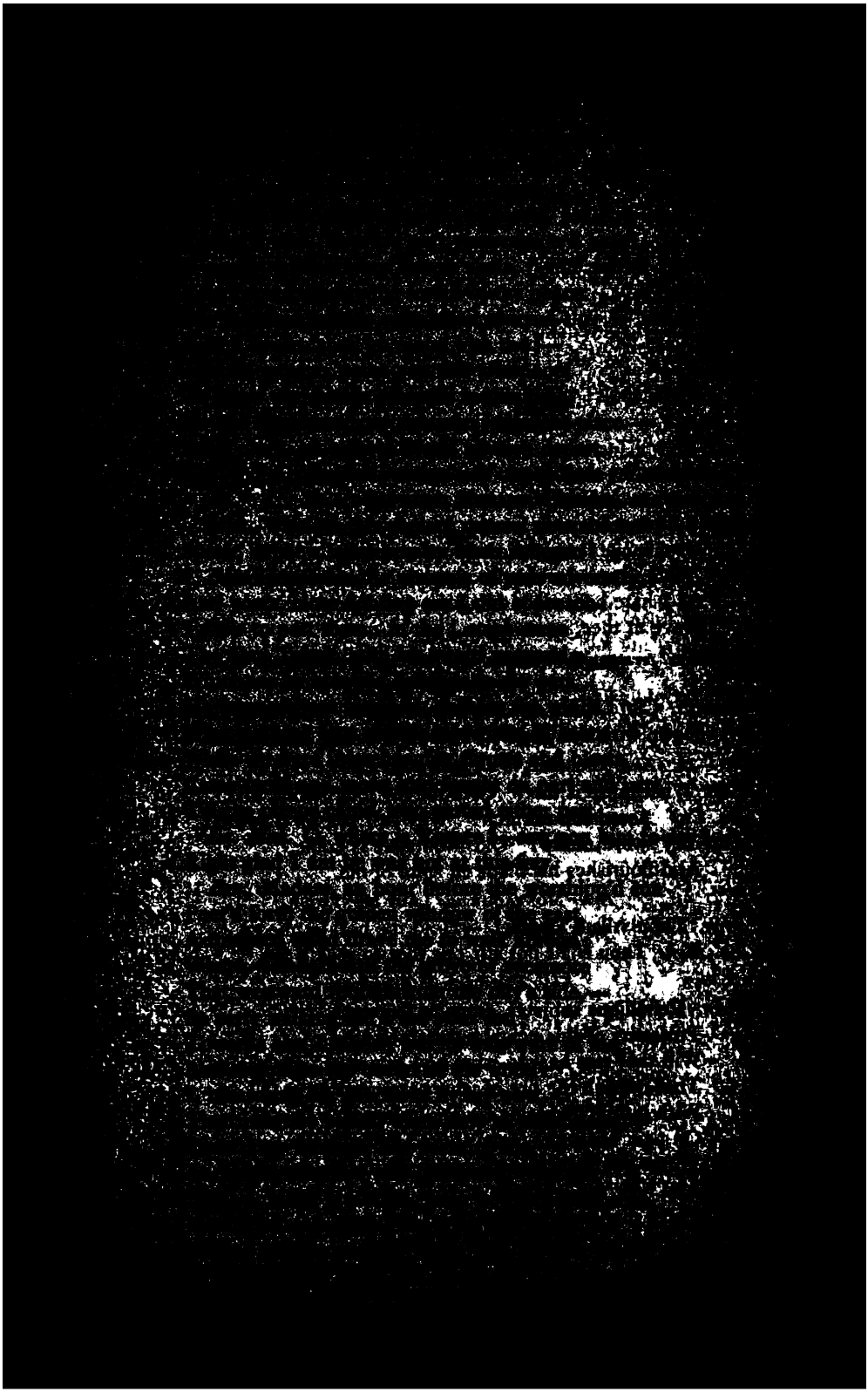
Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!—
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

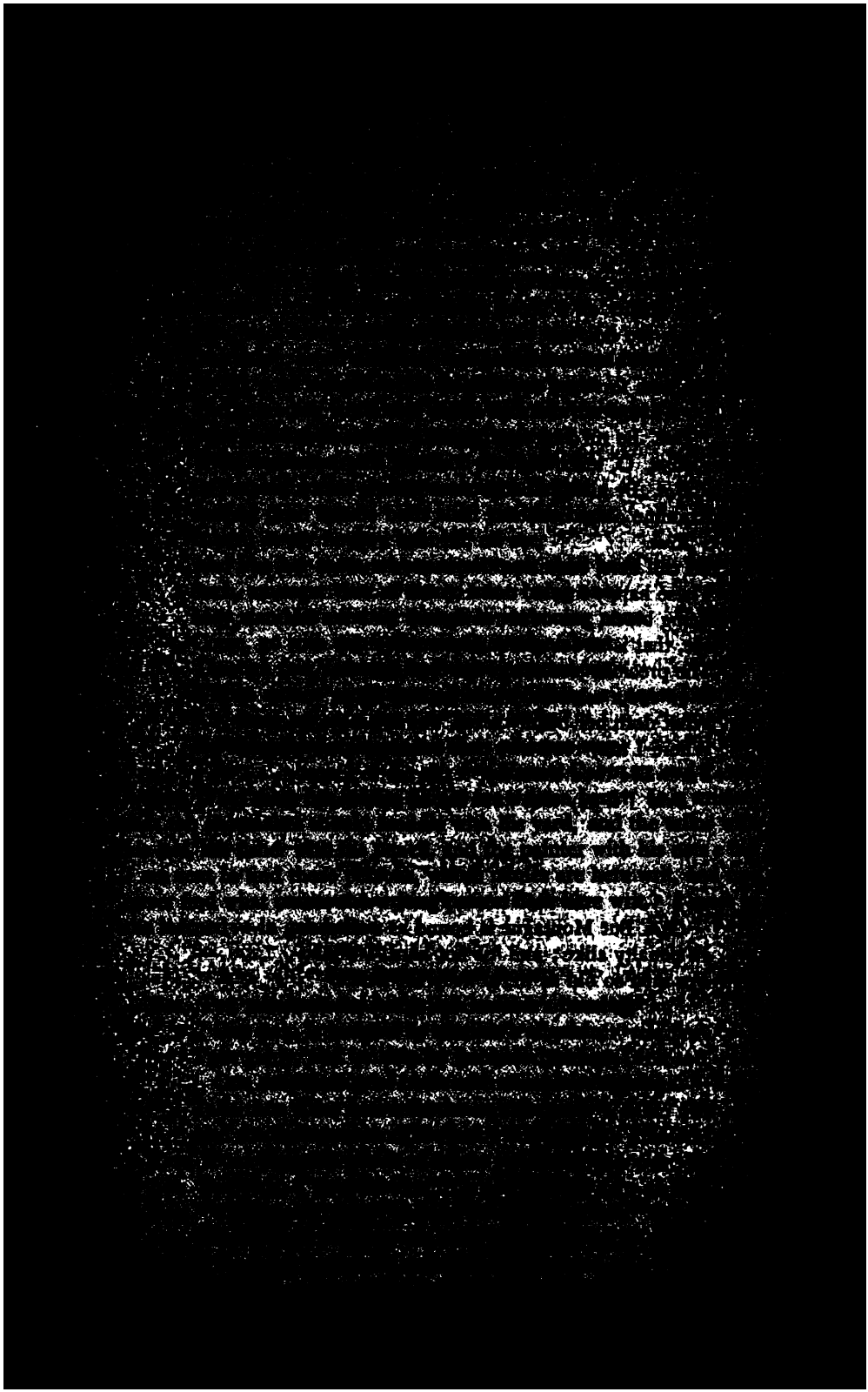


Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,



Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good den.—I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry! [*Going.*

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly: [*Gives back the paper;*] whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

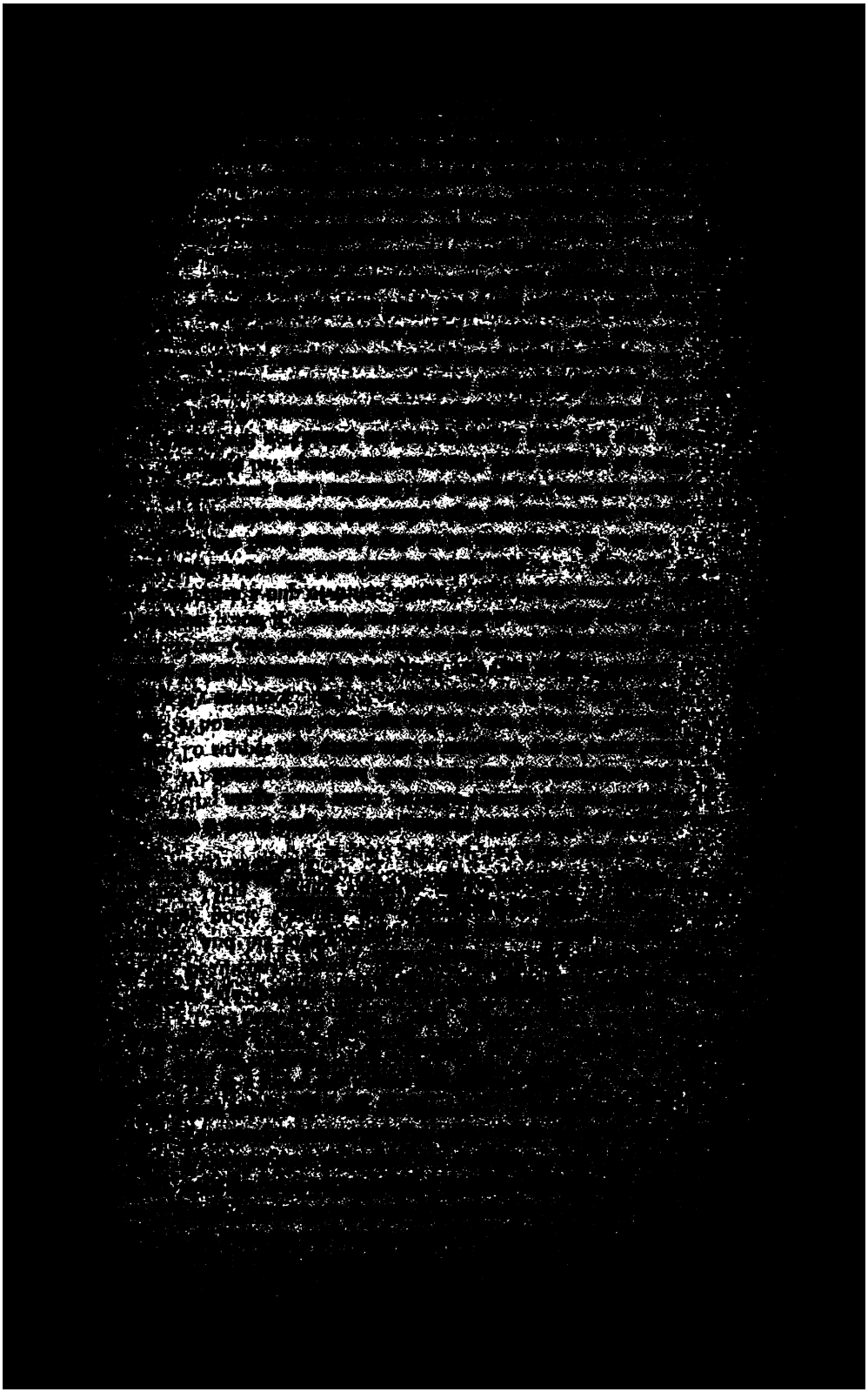
Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I 'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admirèd beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.



Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before she broke her brow:
And then my husband,—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man,—took up the child:
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy-dame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay:"
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—"Ay."

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam;—yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—"Ay:"
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said—"Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother, much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one an other lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.
La. Cap. We follow thee.—[*Exit* Serv.] Juliet, the county stays.
Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a mask.*
A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I 'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut, dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that 's not so.
Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spiders' web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,—
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despisèd life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Musicians *waiting.* *Enter* Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

Enter third and fourth Servant.

3 & 4 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

3 & 4 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.

2 *Serv.* Cheerly, boys: be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, *&c. with the Guests and the Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near you now?—
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, Sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What, dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,—
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy:—is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you,—I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!
I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. [*To* JULIET.] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on, then, let 's to bed.
[*To* 2 CAP.] Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I 'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all except* JULIET *and* Nurse.
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond' gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What 's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What 's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathèd enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* "Juliet!"
Nurse. Anon, anon!—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less,
To meet her new-belovèd any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place, adjoining* CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
O Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poprin pear!
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[JULIET *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.—
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnèd wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Love, who first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contrâct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. [Nurse *calls within.*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit above.*
Rom. O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!
Jul. I come, anon:—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!
Jul. By and by; I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit above.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [*Retiring.*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My dear?
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit above.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell.
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juicèd flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. L. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruisèd youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:

I bear no hatred, blessèd man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then,—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri. L. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. L. Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench,—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I 'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir; unless a hare, Sir, in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[*Sings.*] "An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent."—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—[*singing.*] "lady, lady, lady." [*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord! lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I 'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, Sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man 's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!

—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—[*Exit* ROMEO.] Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!—

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

O honey nurse! what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while:—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back! o' t' other side:—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother!—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?"

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil!—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,—
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.—
Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly cónfessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue

Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarreiling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT *and others.*

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir: here comes my man.

Enter ROMEO.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away.— [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. [*Drawing.*] I am for you.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:—
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio,—
[*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit* Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!
[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman;—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight;* TYBALT *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken;—hence, be gone, away!
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
1 *Cit.* Up, Sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal

Your high displeasure :—all this,—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:—
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,—
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion: such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo,—come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night,—come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Enter Nurse, *with cords.*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—I; or if not—No:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swounded at the sight.
Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banishèd.
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb!
Despisèd substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damnèd saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I, then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banishèd;"
That—"banishèd," that one word—"banishèd,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banishèd,"—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—"Romeo is banishèd,"—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,—
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banishèd:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banishèd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then, banishèd,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not:—more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:—
But Romeo may not,—he is banishèd:
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—"banishèd"—to kill me,—"banishèd?"
O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it; how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly cónfessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—"banishèd?"
Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.
Rom. Yet "banishèd?"—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.
Fri. L. O then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [*Knocking within.*
Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*
Fri. L. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up; [*Knocking.*
Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come! [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!
Fri. L. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir!—Well, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursèd hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back:
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night.
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—well, we were born to die.—

'Tis very late, she 'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! What day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday be it, then.—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—JULIET'S *Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet,—thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk,—it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is,—hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathèd toad change eyes,
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light,—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[*Descends.*
Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit.*
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, Madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, Madam, from the reach of these my hands:—
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death.
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn.
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo:
I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—these are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew:
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossèd body.—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud:—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den.

Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I cannot love."—
"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me;"—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse?
Nurse. Faith, here it is. Romeo

Is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, Madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, Sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. L. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.—
Look, Sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be, shall be.
Fri. L. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I 'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I 'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell me not of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Hall in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, *and* Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* 1 Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, Sir: for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.— [*Exit* 2 Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomèd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up,—
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt* JULIET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—

They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—JULIET'S *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, Madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient réceptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environèd with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*Throws herself on the bed.*

SCENE IV.—*Hall in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed: 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,

Enter Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

What's there?

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, Sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste.—[*Exit* 1 Serv.] Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight, [*Music within.*
For so he said he would:—I hear him near.—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—JULIET'S *Chamber;* JULIET *on the bed.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!— [her, she:—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!—
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you:—lady! lady! lady!—
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some *aqua-vitæ*, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
Cap. Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife:—there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!

Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressèd, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are burièd!

Fri L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordainèd festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in,—and, Madam, go with him;—
And go, Sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, *and* FRIAR.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up; for, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

1 *Mus.* Why "Heart's ease?"

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe:" O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

Musicians. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek,—I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound—"

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver sound?"—What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say, "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is, "music with her silver sound," because musicians have seldom gold for sounding:—

"Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress." [*Exit.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack!—Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:—
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, Sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

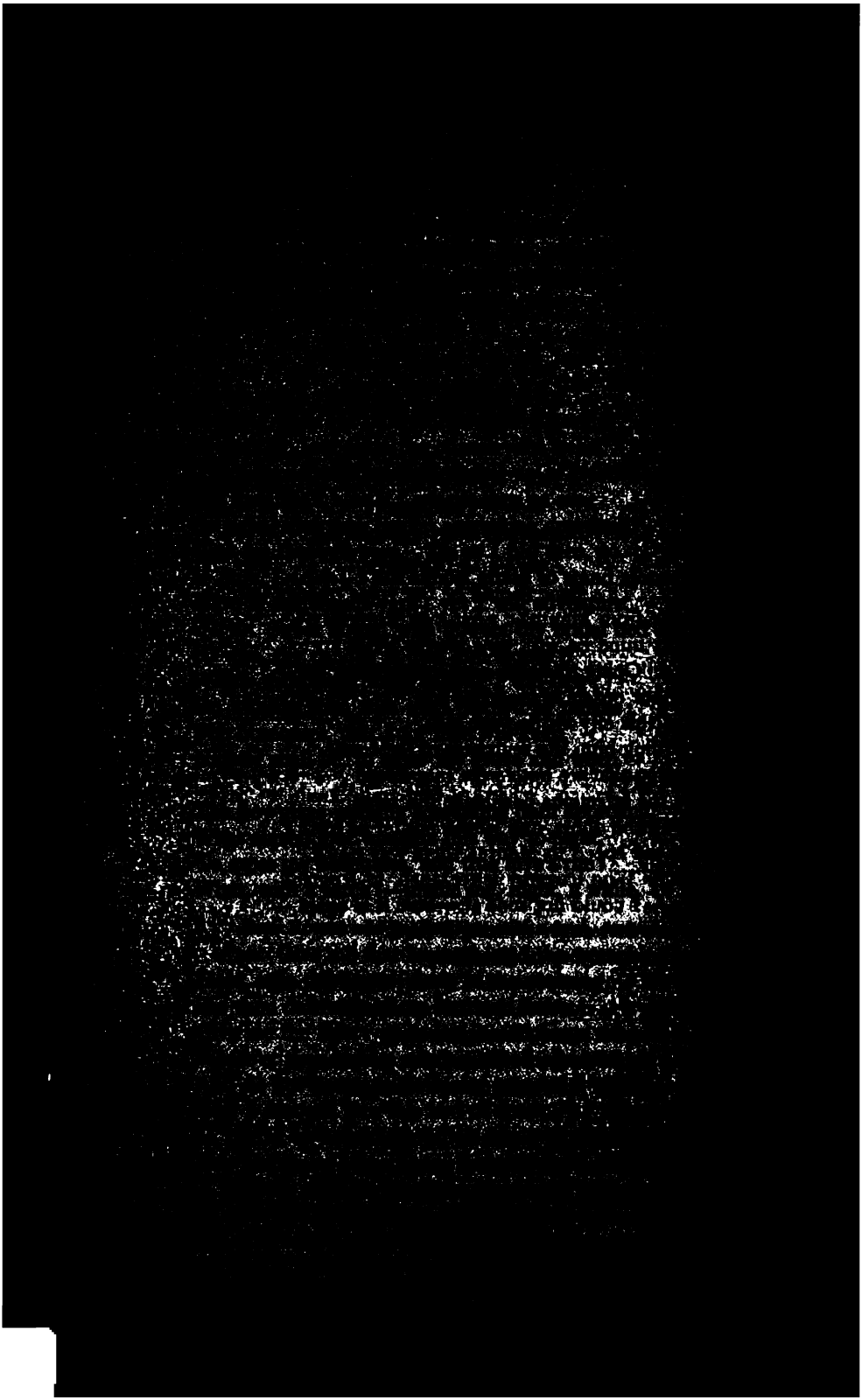
SCENE II.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,



By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside.*] For all this same, I'll hide me here about:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [*Advancing.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?
Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me:—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!
[*They fight.*

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*

Par. [*Falls.*] O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris!—
What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth;
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* PARIS *in the monument.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advancèd there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the Church-Yard, FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?
Bal. [*Advancing.*] Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy Sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. L. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. L. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, Sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. L. Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me;
O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. L. [*Approaching the monument.*] Romeo!—
Alack, alack; what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [JULIET *wakes.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?—
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*
Fri. L. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents:—come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too:—come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

[*Exit* FRI. L.

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

[*Snatching* ROMEO'S *dagger.*

This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rest, and let me die.

[*Falls on* ROMEO'S *body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some of the* Watch.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—

[*Exeunt other of the* Watch.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Re-enter other of the Watch, *with* FRIAR LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE *and* Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What farther woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

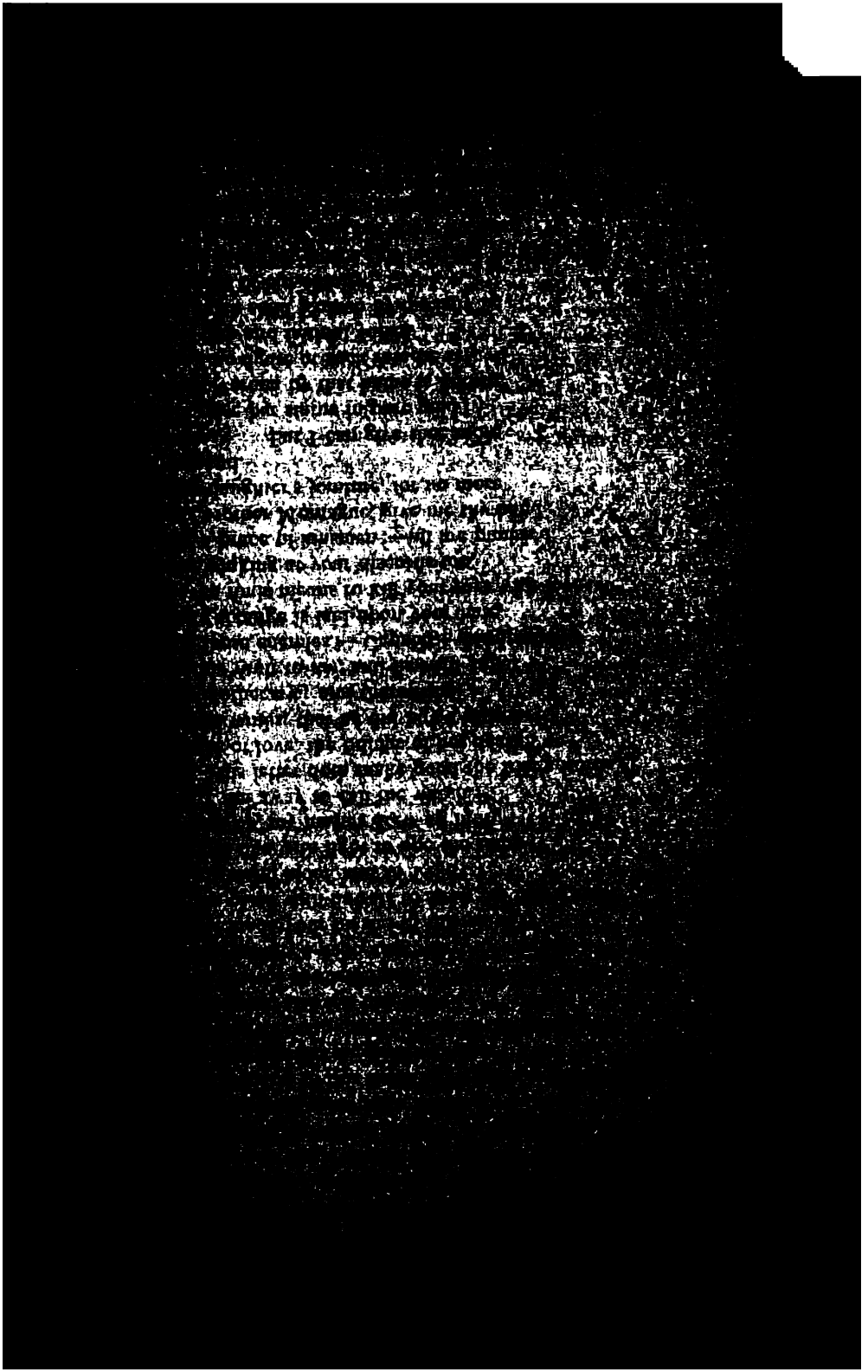
Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,

Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnèd, and myself excus'd.
Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, (so tutor'd by my art,)
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixèd hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.
Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?
Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
Prince. Give me the letter,—I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.
Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies?—Capulet,—Montague,—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.
Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*



TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } *Lords, and flatterers of* TIMON.

VENTIDIUS, *one of* TIMON'S *false Friends.*
APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*
FLAVIUS, *Steward to* TIMON.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } *Servants to* TIMON.

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
HORTENSIUS, } *Servants to* TIMON'S *Creditors.*

Servants *of* VENTIDIUS, *and of* Varro *and* Isidore,
(*two of* TIMON'S *Creditors.*)
Cupid *and* Maskers.
Three Strangers.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, *and* Merchant.
An Old Athenian. *A* Page. *A* Fool.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to* ALCIBIADES.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, *and* Attendants.

SCENE,—ATHENS; *and the* Woods *adjoining.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. *A Hall in* TIMON'S *House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and others, at several doors.*

Poet. Good day, Sir.
Pain. I am glad you're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O, pray, let's see't; for the lord Timon, Sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
Poet. [*Reciting to himself.*] "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
Mer. [*Looking at the jewel.*] 'Tis a good form.
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You are rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.—What have you there?
Pain. A picture, Sir.—When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.—
Let's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well, and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?
Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *who pass over.*

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy men!
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the* Servant *of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which, failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,—
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

LUCILIUS *advances from among those in attendance.*

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what farther?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.
Tim. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* Old Athenian.
Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear farther from me.
Pain. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand,
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.
Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prizèd by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You 're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then, I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then, thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned,—he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now,—hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
You must needs dine with me:—go not you hence,
Till I have thanked you:—when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his company.*

Most welcome, Sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so, there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all except* APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursèd thou, that still omitt'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity.—Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes!—Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ATHENS. *A Room of State in* TIMON'S *House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then, enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords *and* Senators, VENTIDIUS. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on* TIMON.

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus,—you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est;*
But yond' man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore, welcome: I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. — O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well.—Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.—

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals: there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more

of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: the ear,
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all: let them have kind admittance:—Music, make their welcome. [*Exit* CUPID.

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a mask of ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that 's not depravèd or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* TIMON; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't, and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt* CUPID *and ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside.*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour;
Else I should tell him well, i' faith, I should:
When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses!

Tim. O, my friends,—
I have one word to say to you:—look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.—

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word: he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he's the very soul of bounty!
Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
2 *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.
All Lords. O, none so welcome.
Tim. I take all, and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.
1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—
Tim. And so
Am I to you.
2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—
Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!
1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, *&c.*
Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.
Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?
Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music.
[*Exit.*
Apem. So;—thou wilt not hear me now,—
Thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. *A Room in a* Senator's *House.*

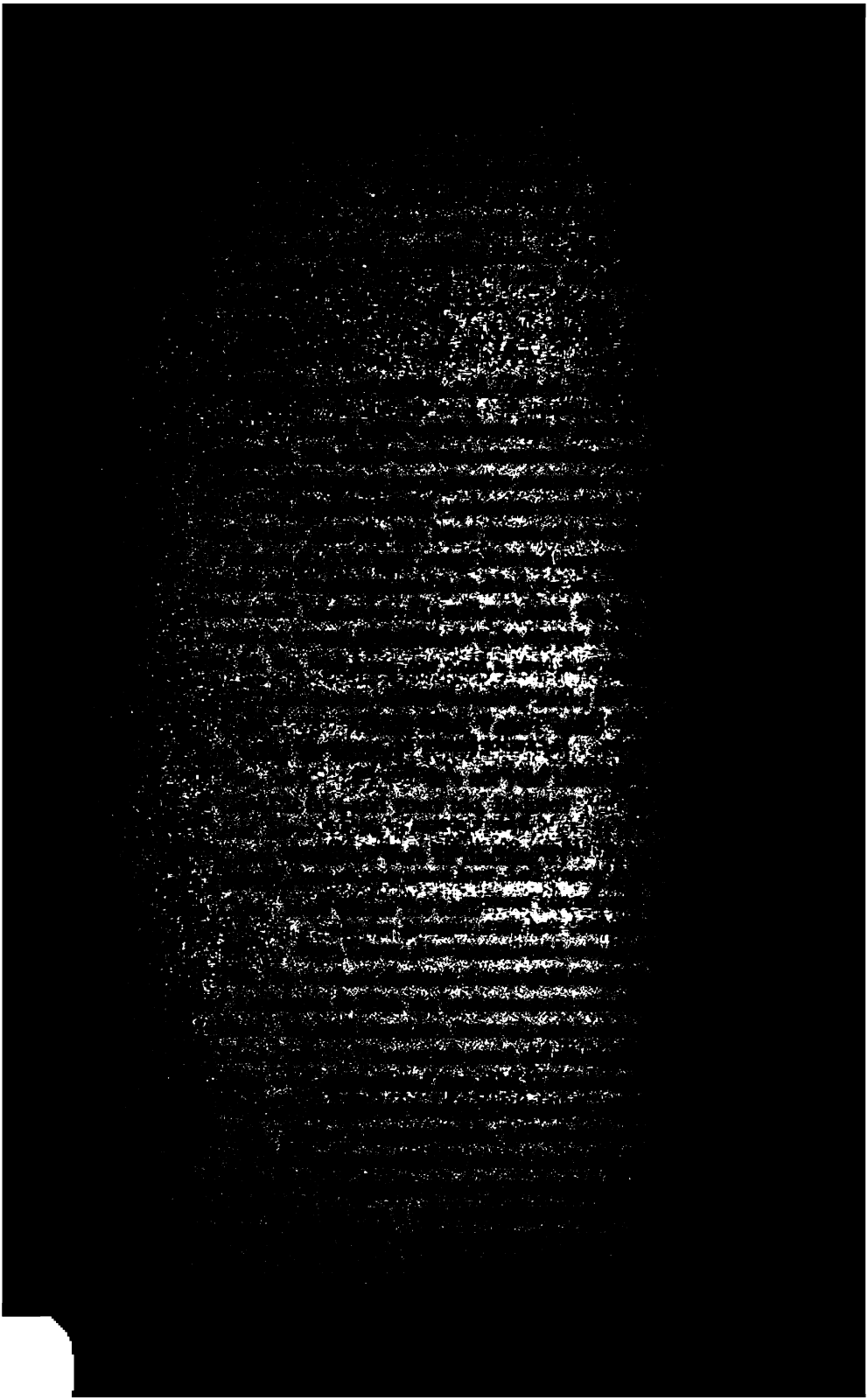
Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand;—to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: no porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, Sir; what is your pleasure?

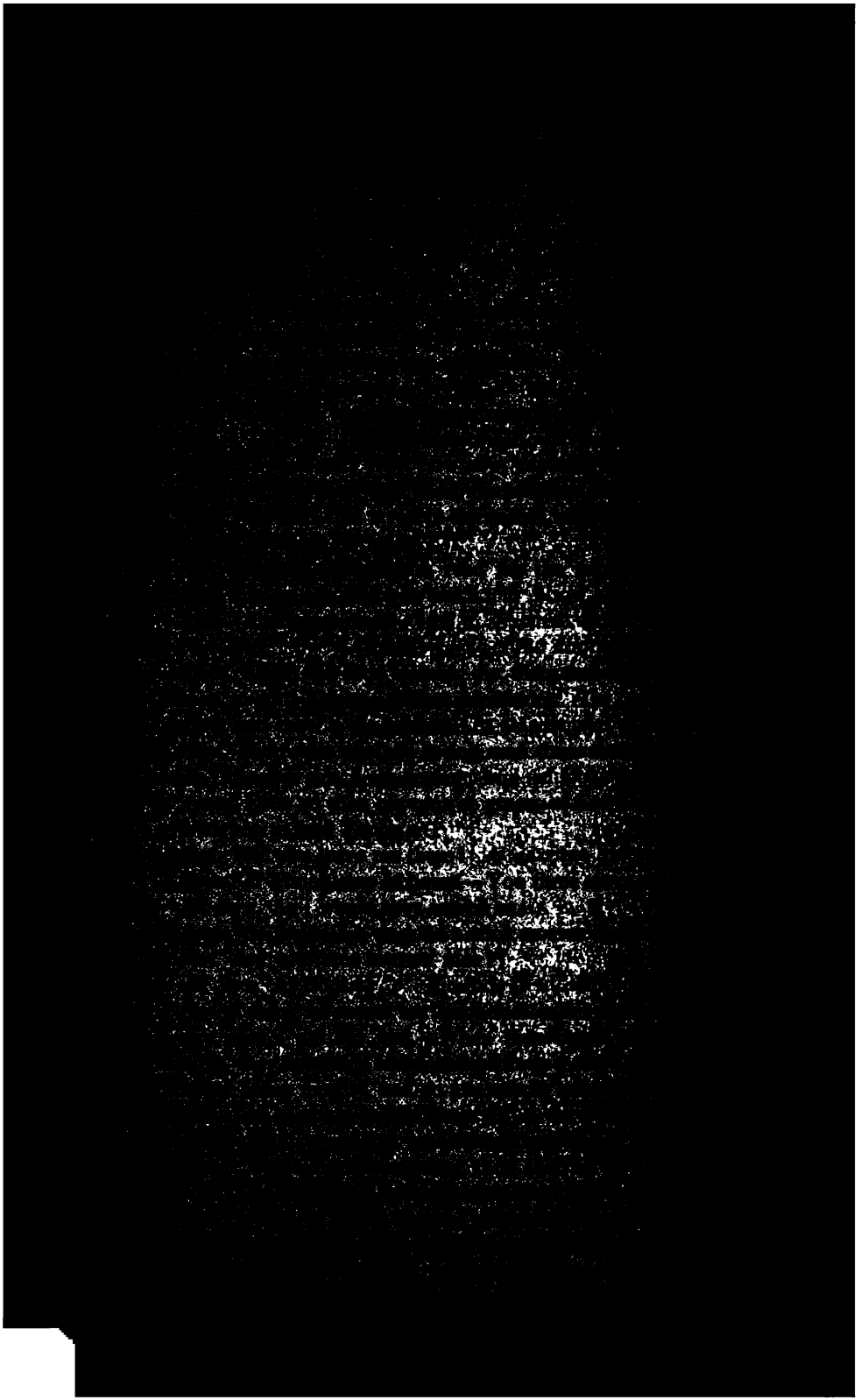
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,



Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.—
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and* Lords.
[*To* FLAVIUS.] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*
Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's have some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—[*To the* Fool.] Come away.
Isid. Serv. [*To* Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.
Caph. Where's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!



one: he is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I 'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

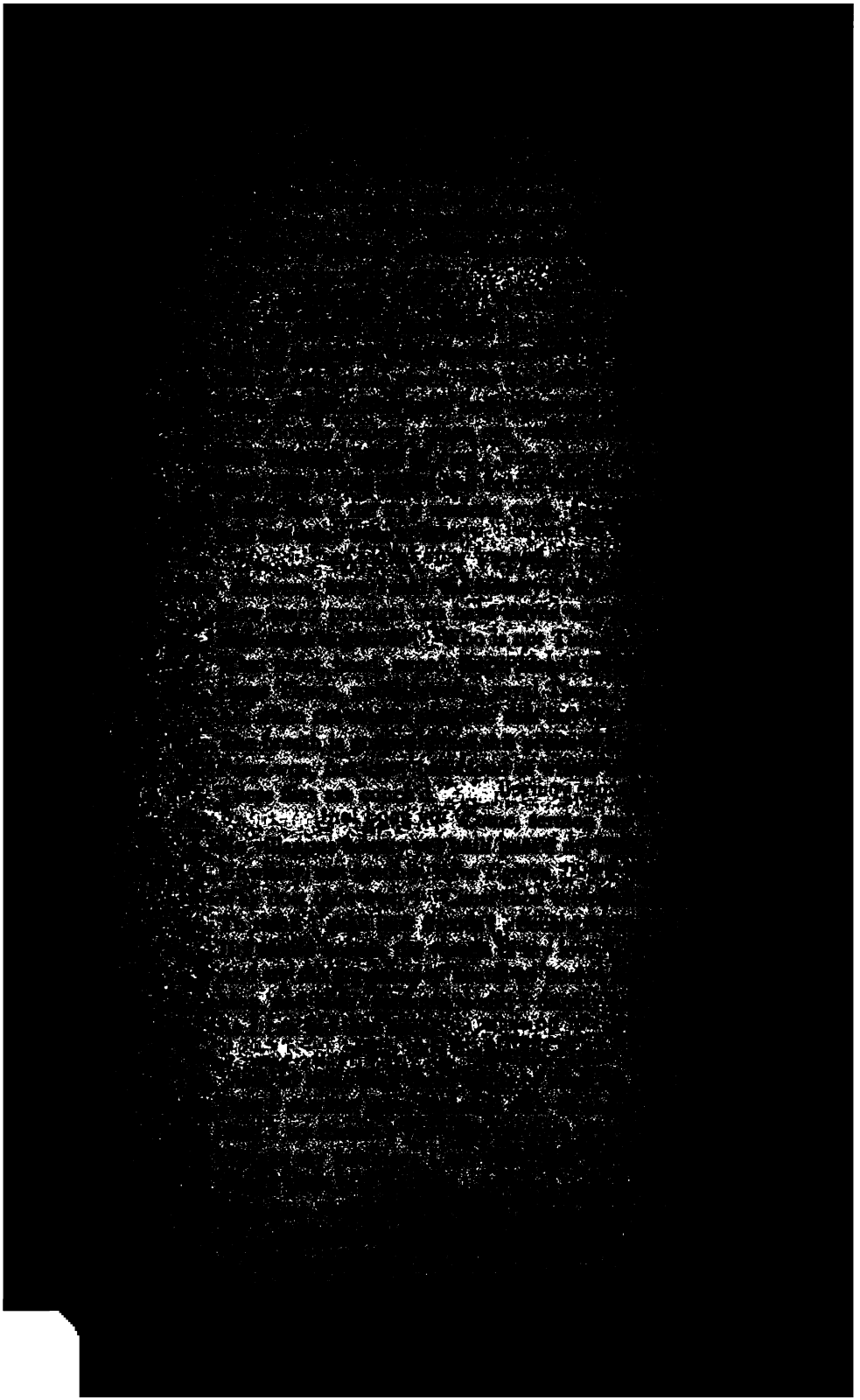
Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:



lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside.*] Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? h'm?

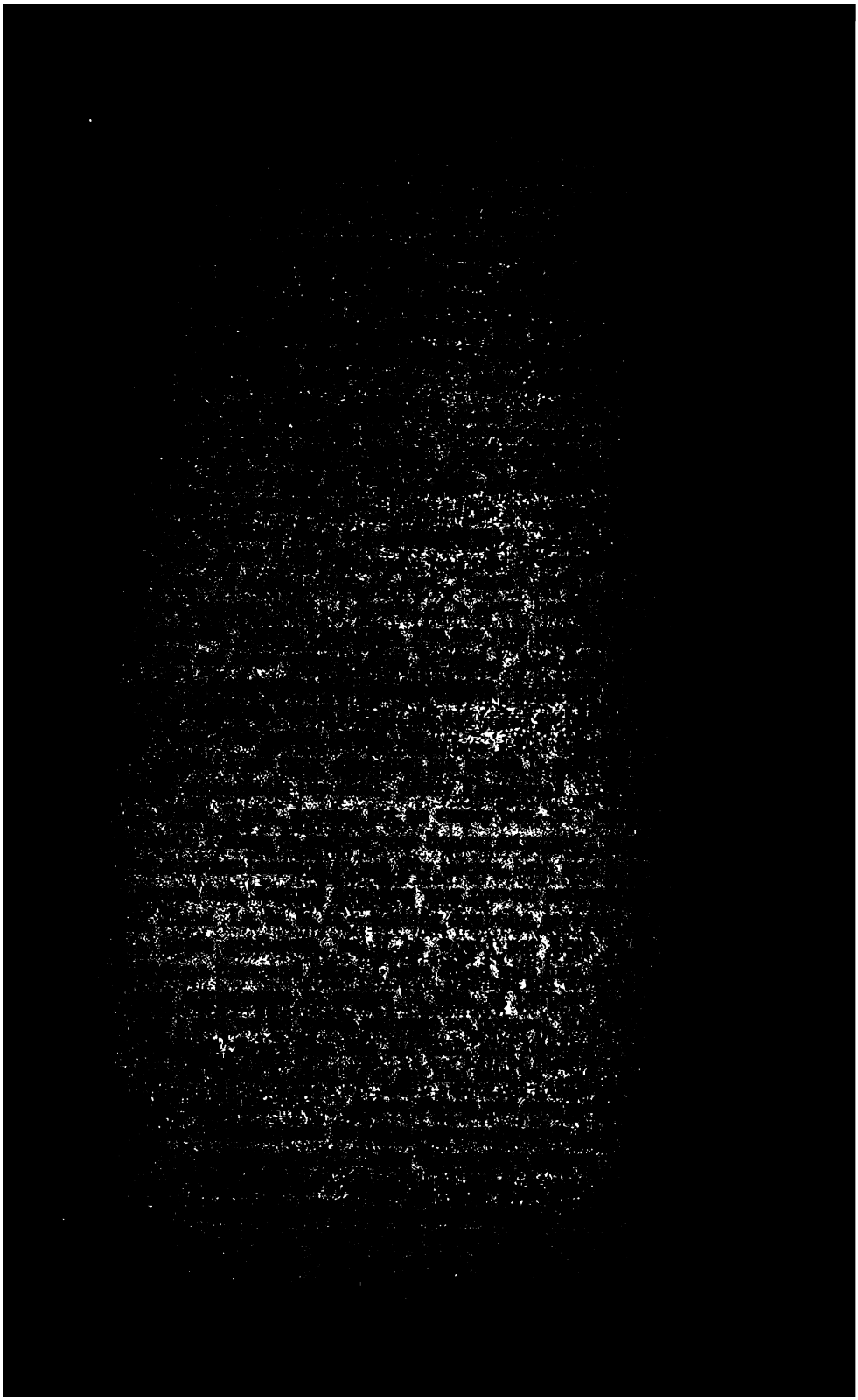
Tim. [*To another* Serv.] Go you, Sir, to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid them send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity;—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—
[*To a* Serv.] Go to Ventidius,—[*To* FLAVIUS.] 'Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest: ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee.—[*To* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he 's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents.—[*To* FLAV.] That had, give it these fellows



and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—[*To the* Servant.] Get you gone, sirrah.—[*Exit* Serv.] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damnèd baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throws back the money.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.
[*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto his honour has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—ATHENS. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours,—now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

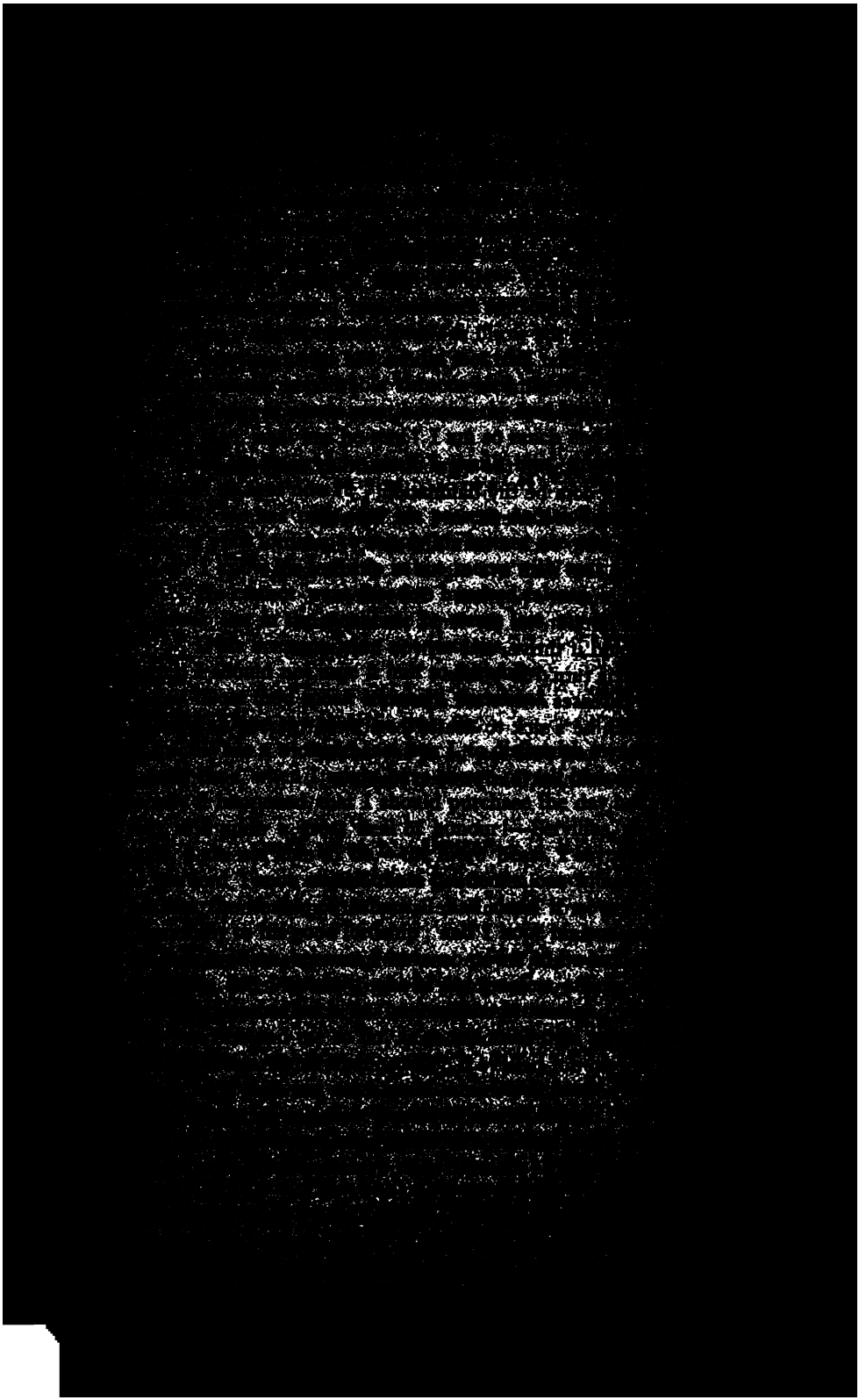
Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and show'd what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little



His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

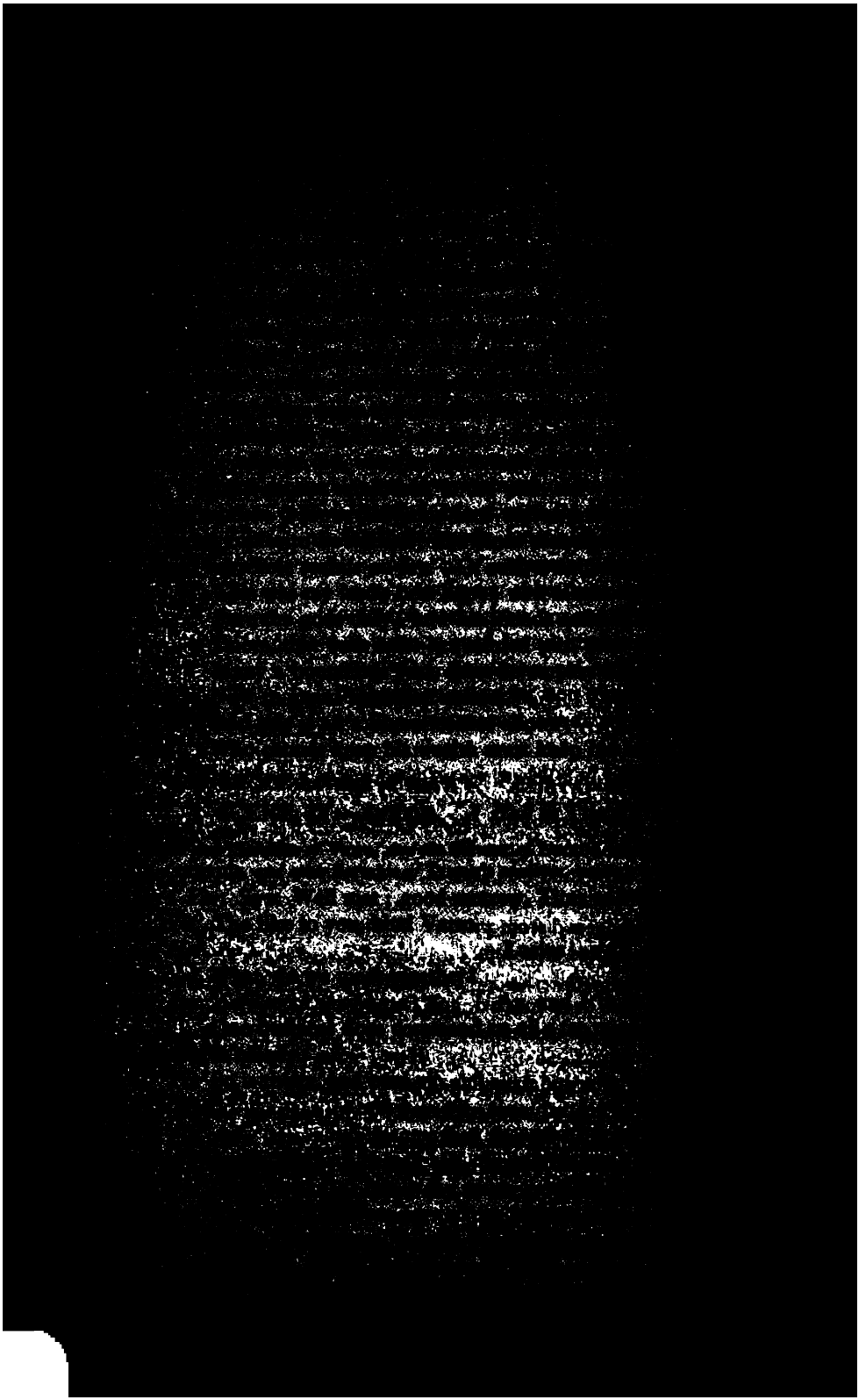
SCENE III.—ATHENS. *A Room in* SEMPRONIUS' *House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—h'm! 'bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
For they have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? h'm!
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over! must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in 't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;



Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxèd shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear, 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand, mine.
1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent.
[*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, Sir?
2 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, Sir,—
Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down the interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Servil. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Servil. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, Sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?
1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—
2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors?—devils!
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be't not in thy care: go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ATHENS. *The* Senate-House.

The Senate sitting.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it: the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
1 *Sen.* Now, captain?
Alcib. I am a humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him which buys out his fault;)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He 's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides,—to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain:—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with them,
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin, that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law,—he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!
Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.
1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—all those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—ATHENS. *A Banquet-hall in* TIMON'S *House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants *attending. Enter divers* Lords, *at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, Sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business,

but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, Sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—[*Aloud.*] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together. [*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so; be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods, —the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, —what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.—

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;—
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords!

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and naught but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

3 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of* ATHENS.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,—
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are.
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed,—
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap

On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—ATHENS. *A Room in* TIMON'S *House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three* Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward,—where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery:—
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,

Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*They embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends;
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and enquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The* Woods. *Before* TIMON'S *Cave.*

Enter TIMON, *with a spade.*

Tim. O blessèd breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,

Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man 's a flatterer?" if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learnèd pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our cursèd natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damnèd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Reserving some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then, renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessèd time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one;
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,—
He is a usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron,—
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I 'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I 'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold:—what then?—
Believe 't, that we 'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins.
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly; hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There 's more gold:—

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens!—Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike! [*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorrèd births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows,—vines and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!—

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog;
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes; and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bid welcome,
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boist'rous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhousèd trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I 'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—

That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hirèd harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*Looking on the gold.*
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!—
But not till I am dead.—I 'll say, thou 'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!— [*Exit* APEMANTUS.
I am quit.—
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.
[*Goes towards his cave.*

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.
Thieves. Save thee, Timon.
Tim. [*Advancing.*] Now, thieves?
Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.
Tim. Both too; and women's sons.
Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?
1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.
Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away!
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*
3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt* Thieves.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument,
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!—
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

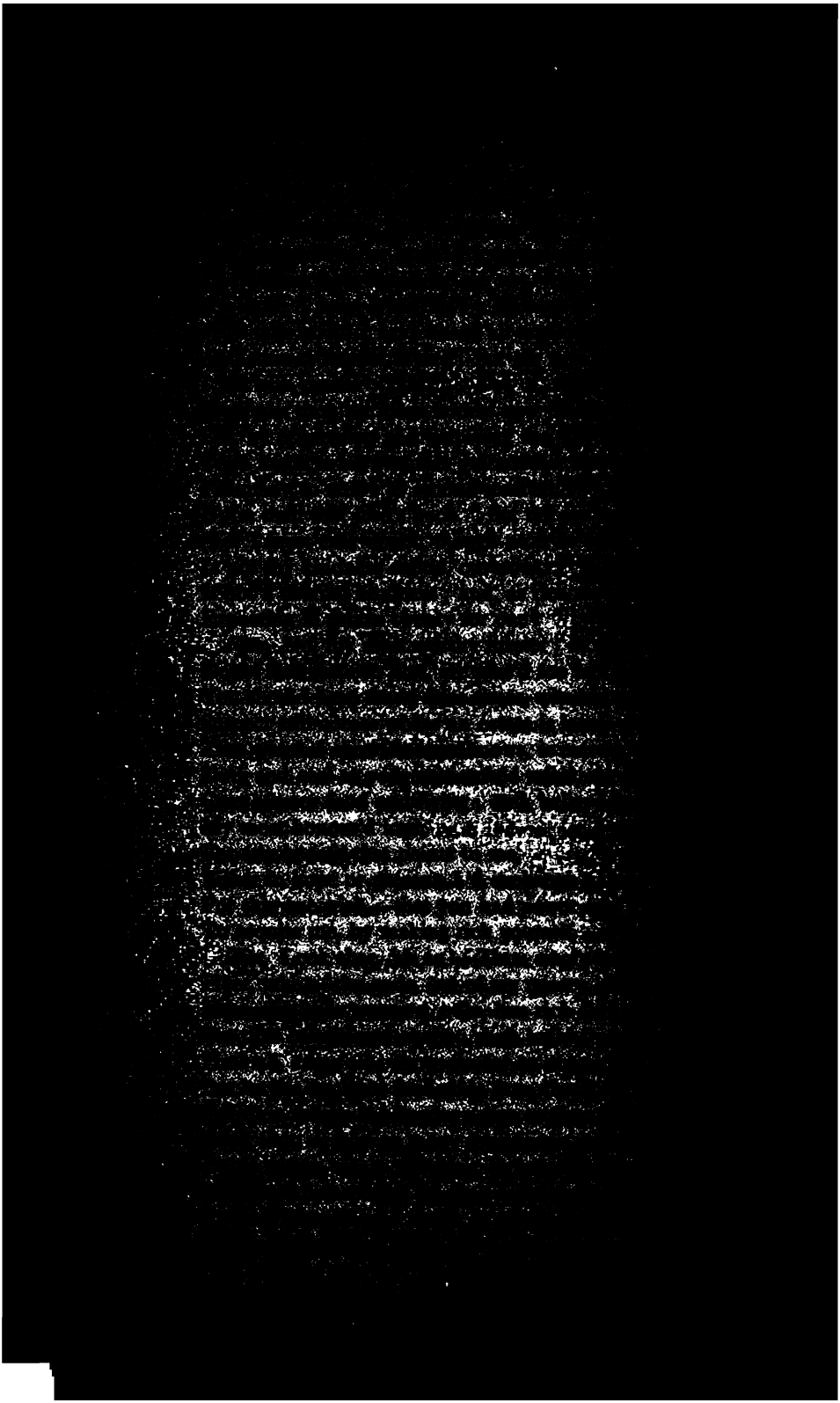
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?



Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou 'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS. TIMON *retires to his cave.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* Woods. *Before* TIMON'S *Cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter, TIMON *observing them from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too,—tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. [*Apart.*] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Apart.*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Apart.*] I'll meet you at the turn.—What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admirèd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!—
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorrèd spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:
What, to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: you have heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
[*To the* Pain.] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him.—[*To the* Poet.] If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold,—ye came for gold, ye slaves:
[*To the* Pain.] You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!—

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON, *from his cave.*

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'rizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love

Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

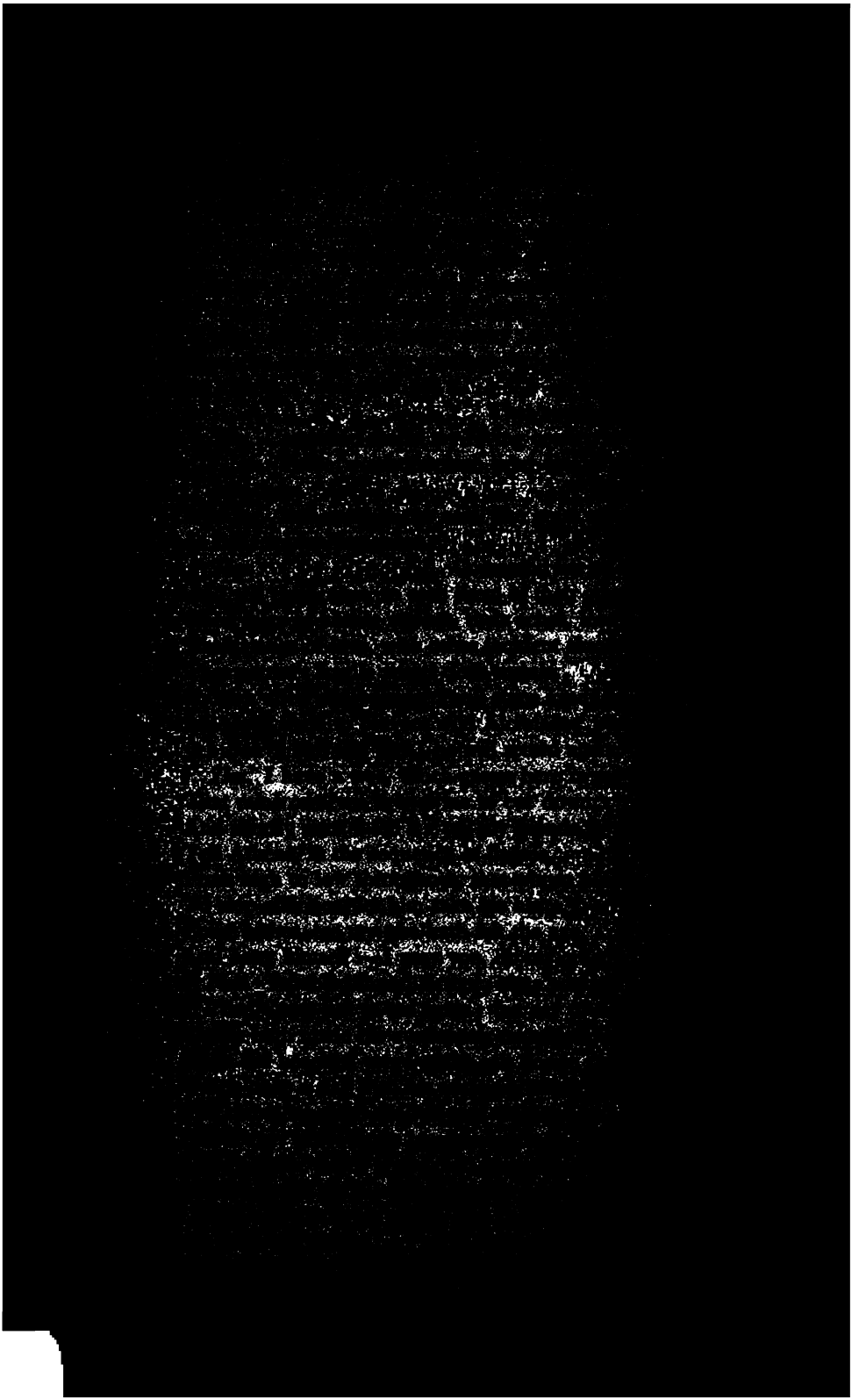
1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore, I will, Sir; thus:—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.



1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.
2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.
1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Walls of* ATHENS.

Enter two Senators *and a* Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?
Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.
2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.
1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators *from* TIMON.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The* Woods. TIMON'S *Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, *seeking* TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
[*Reads an inscription near the grave.*
"Timon is dead. Who hath outstretch'd his span,—
Some beast,—read this; there does not live a man."
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Before the Walls of* ATHENS.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES *and forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformèd Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithèd death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there 's my glove:
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

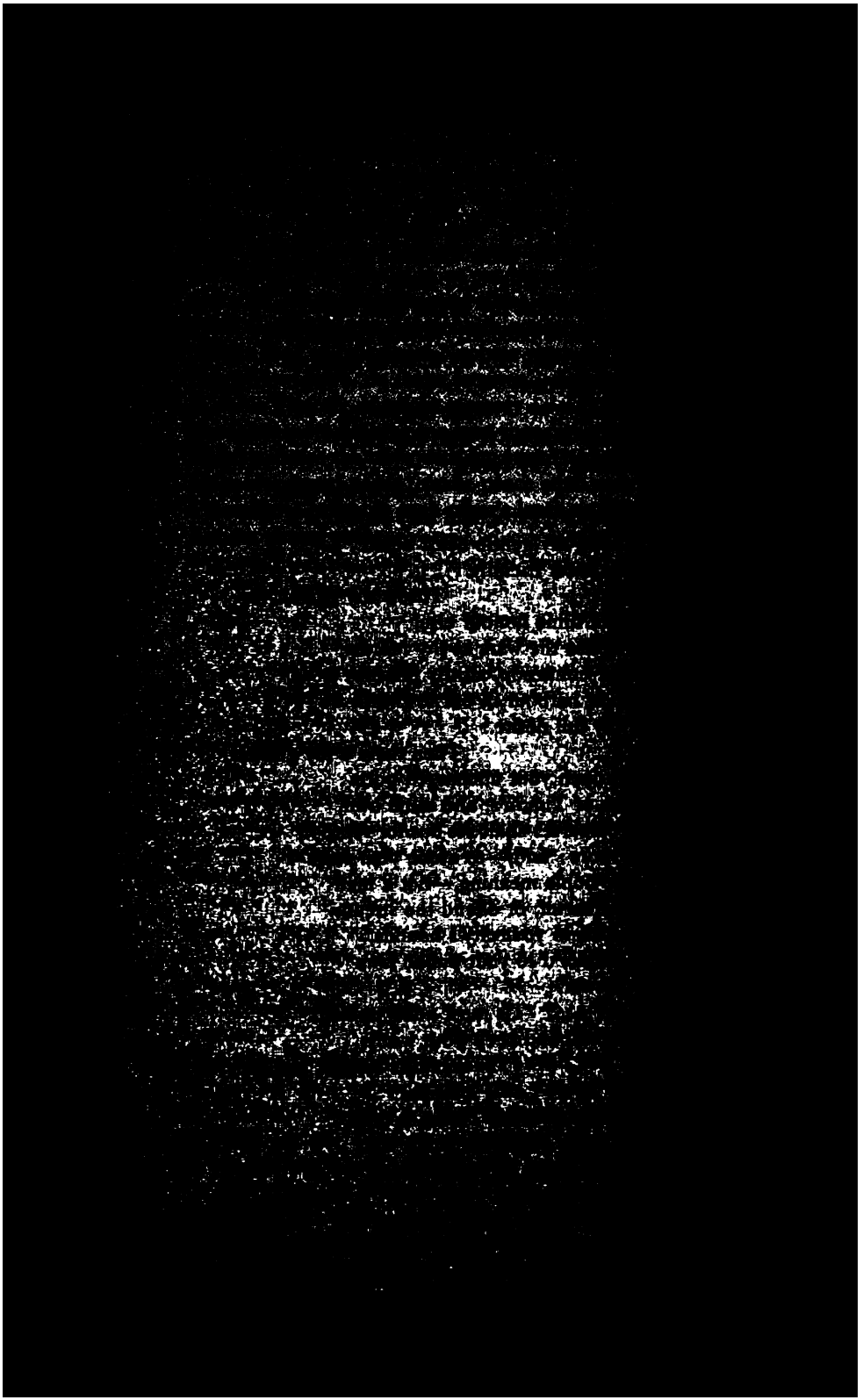
Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The* Senators *descend, and open the gates.*

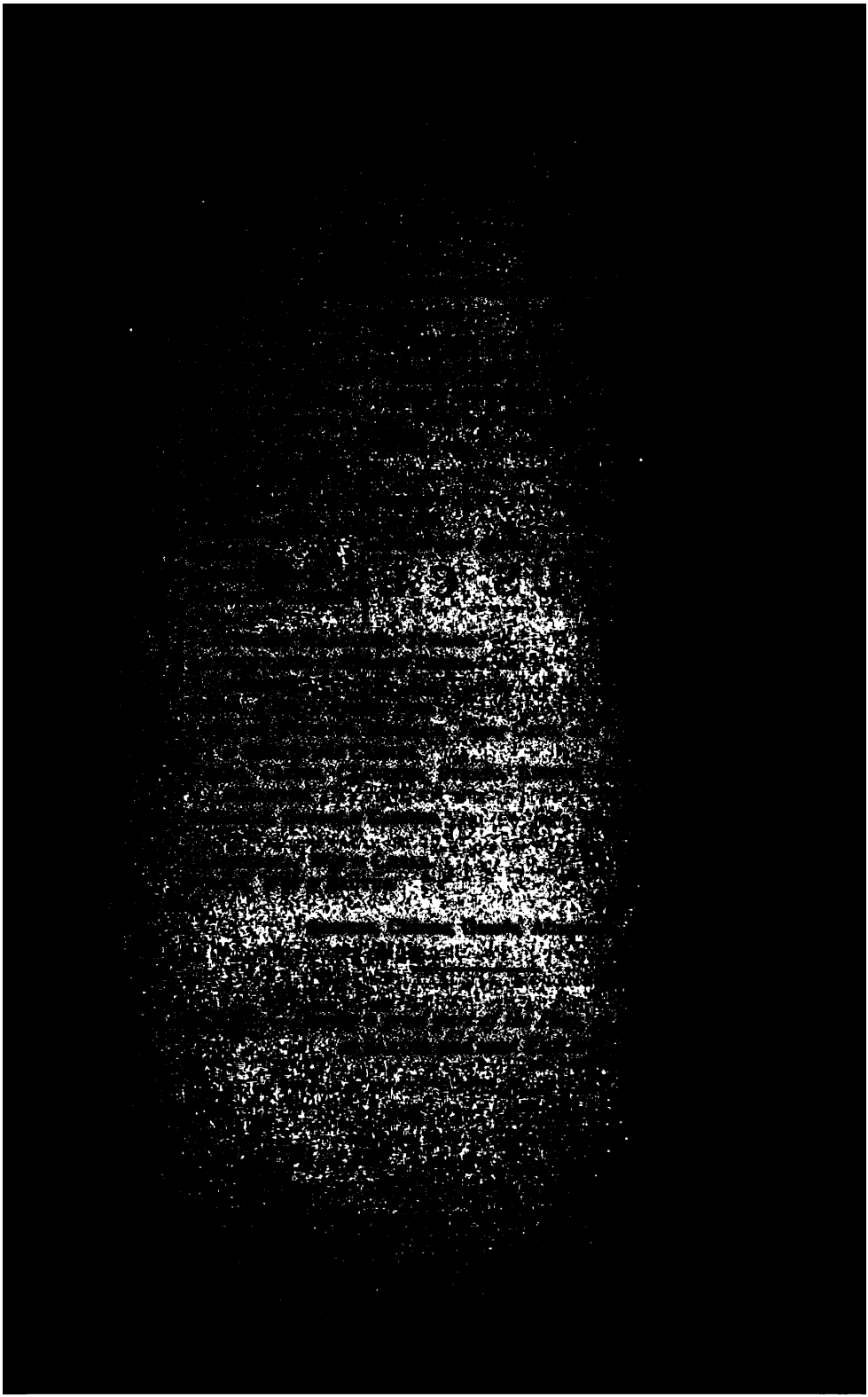
Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:



JULIUS CÆSAR.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Flavius, Marullus, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, Sir, what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

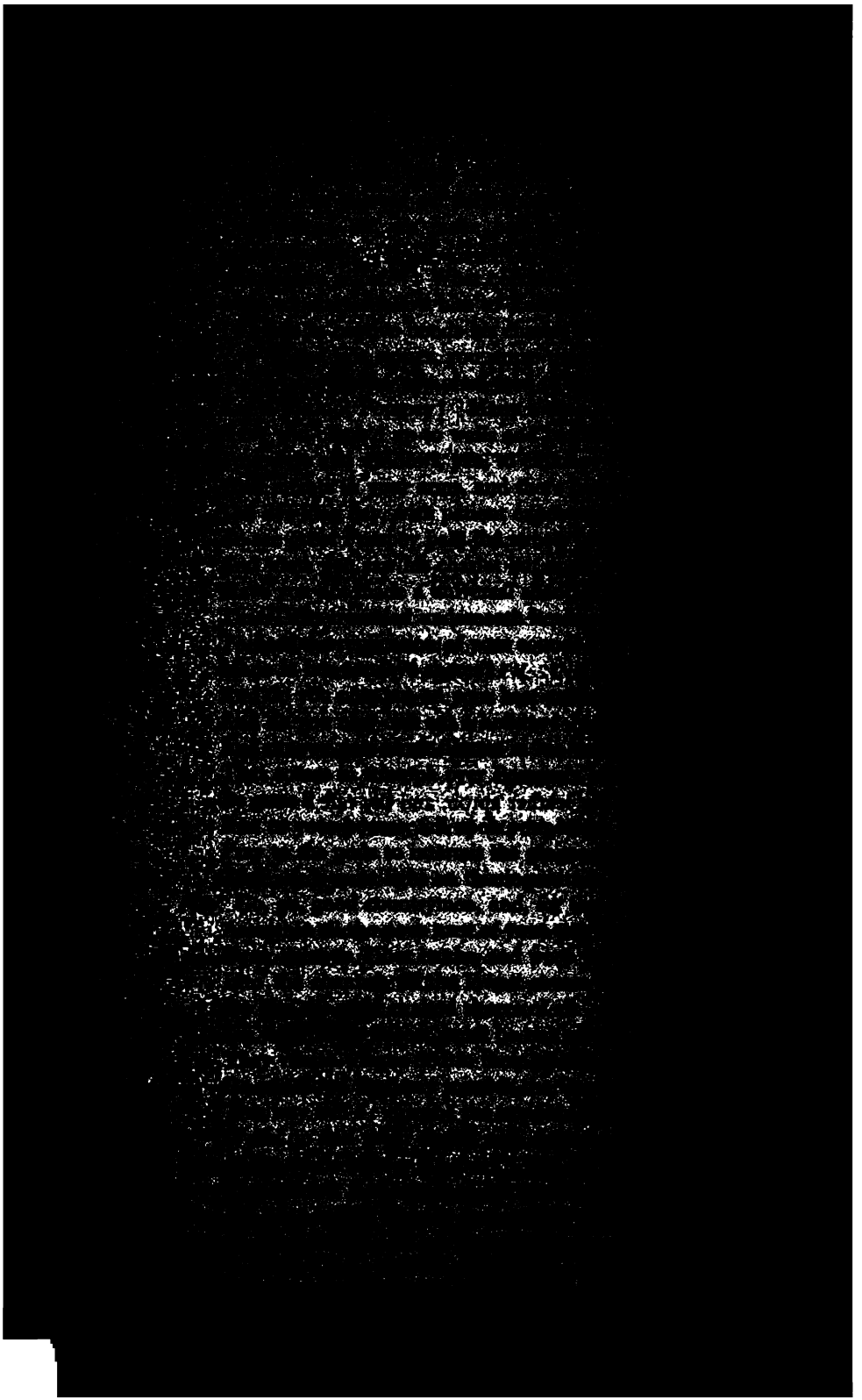
2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 *Cit.* Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, Sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handywork.

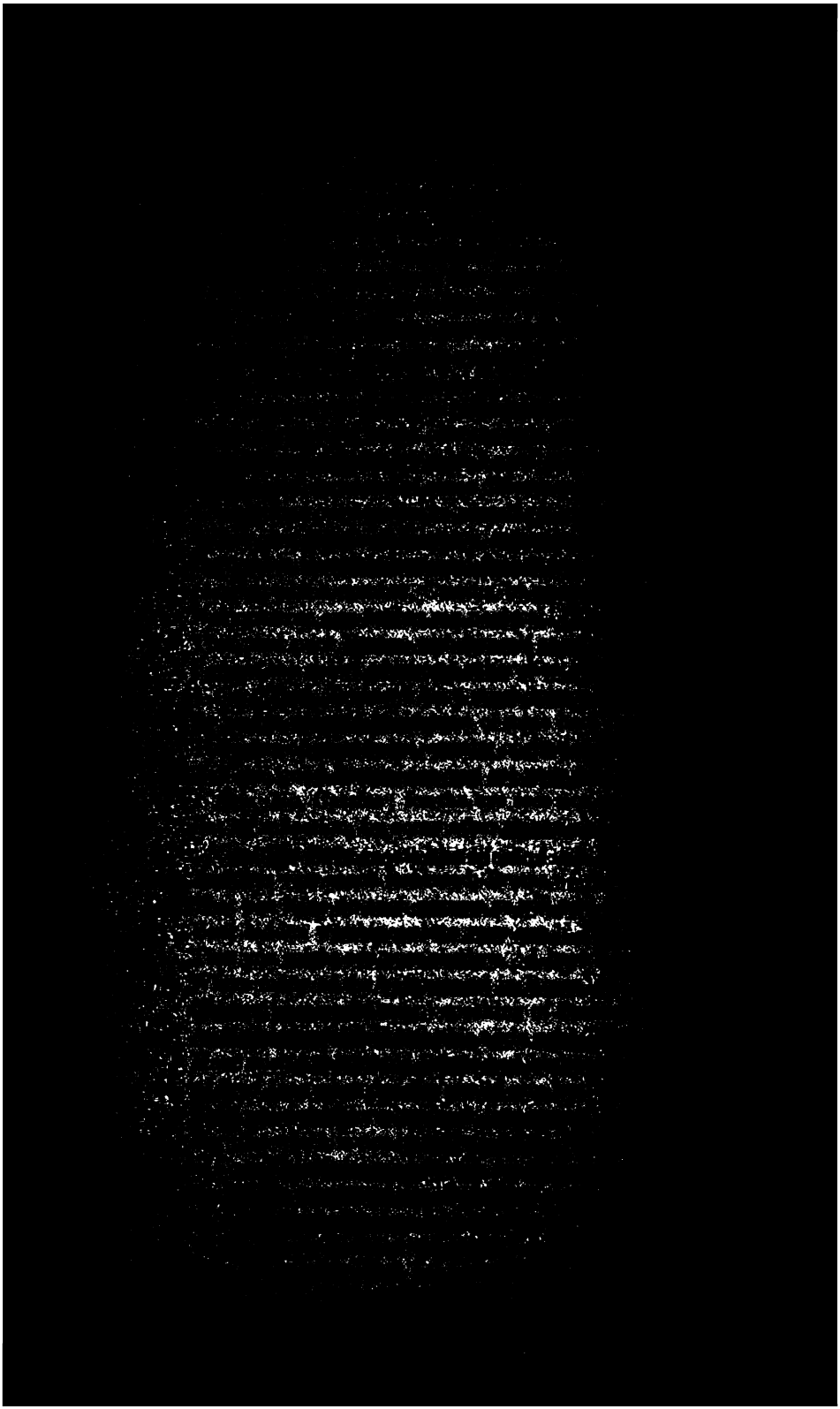


So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

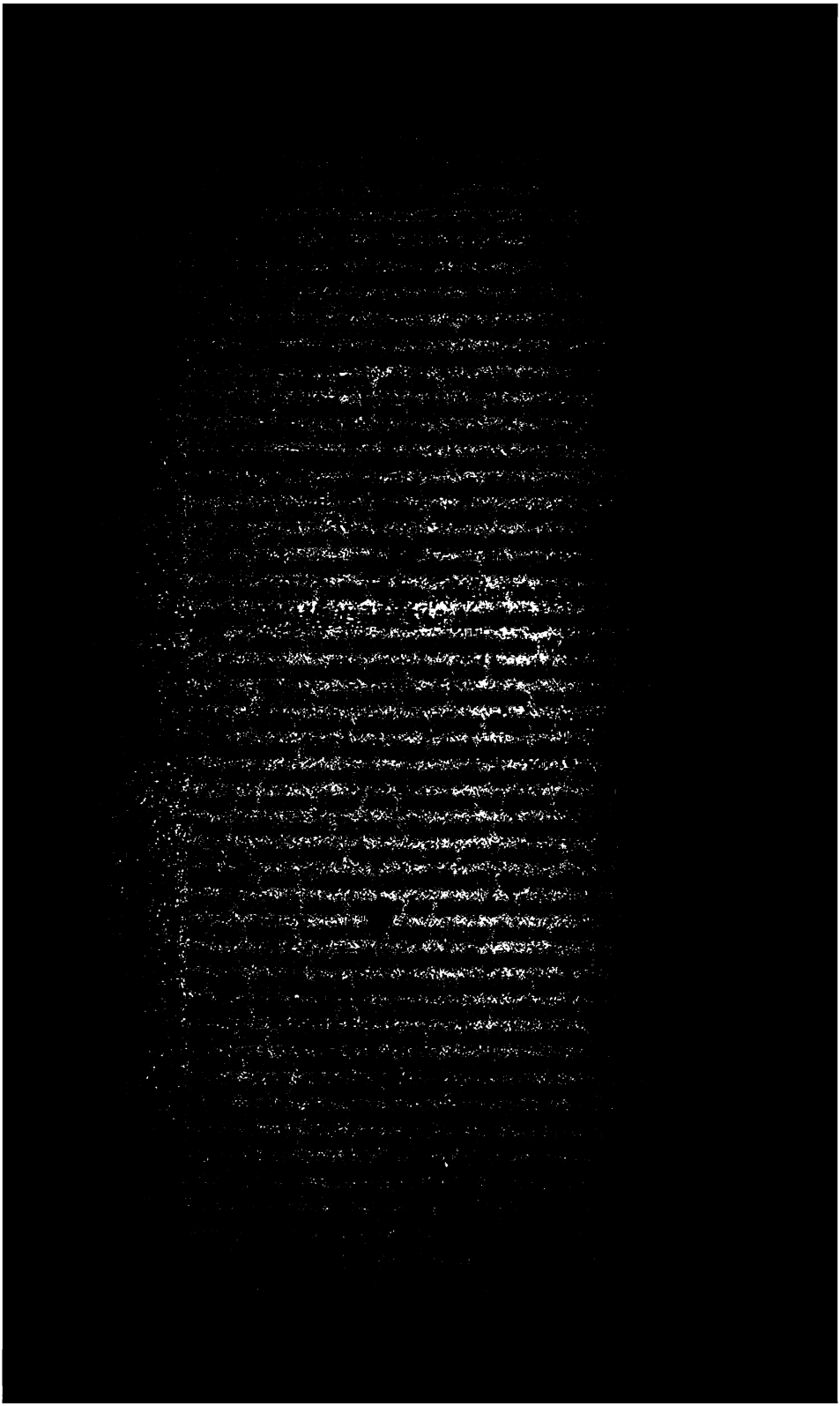
SCENE II.—ROME. *A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all except* BRU. *and* CAS.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.



And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish, and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy:
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder



O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his train.*

Bru. I will do so:—but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

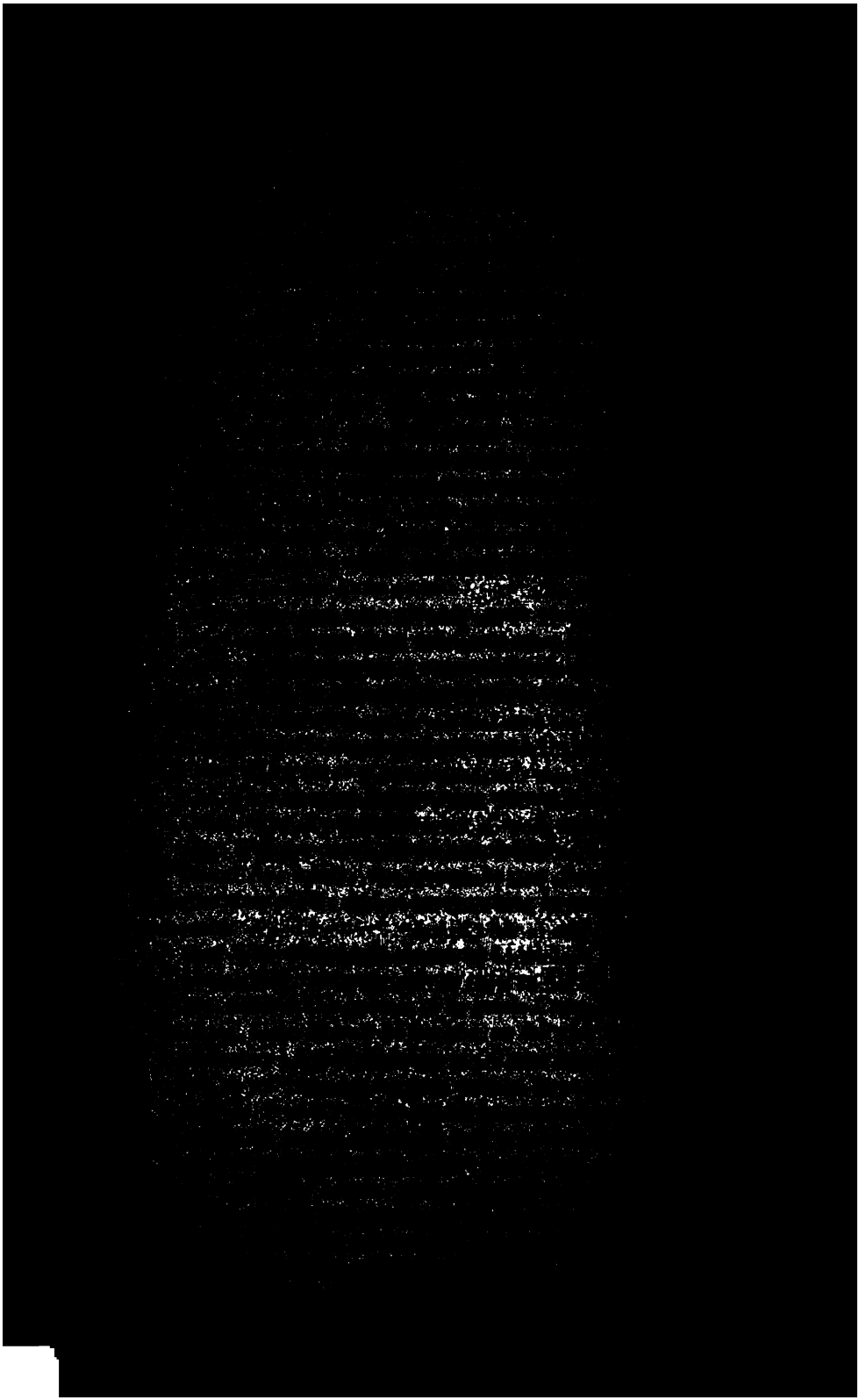
Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid



because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like,—he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut:—an I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

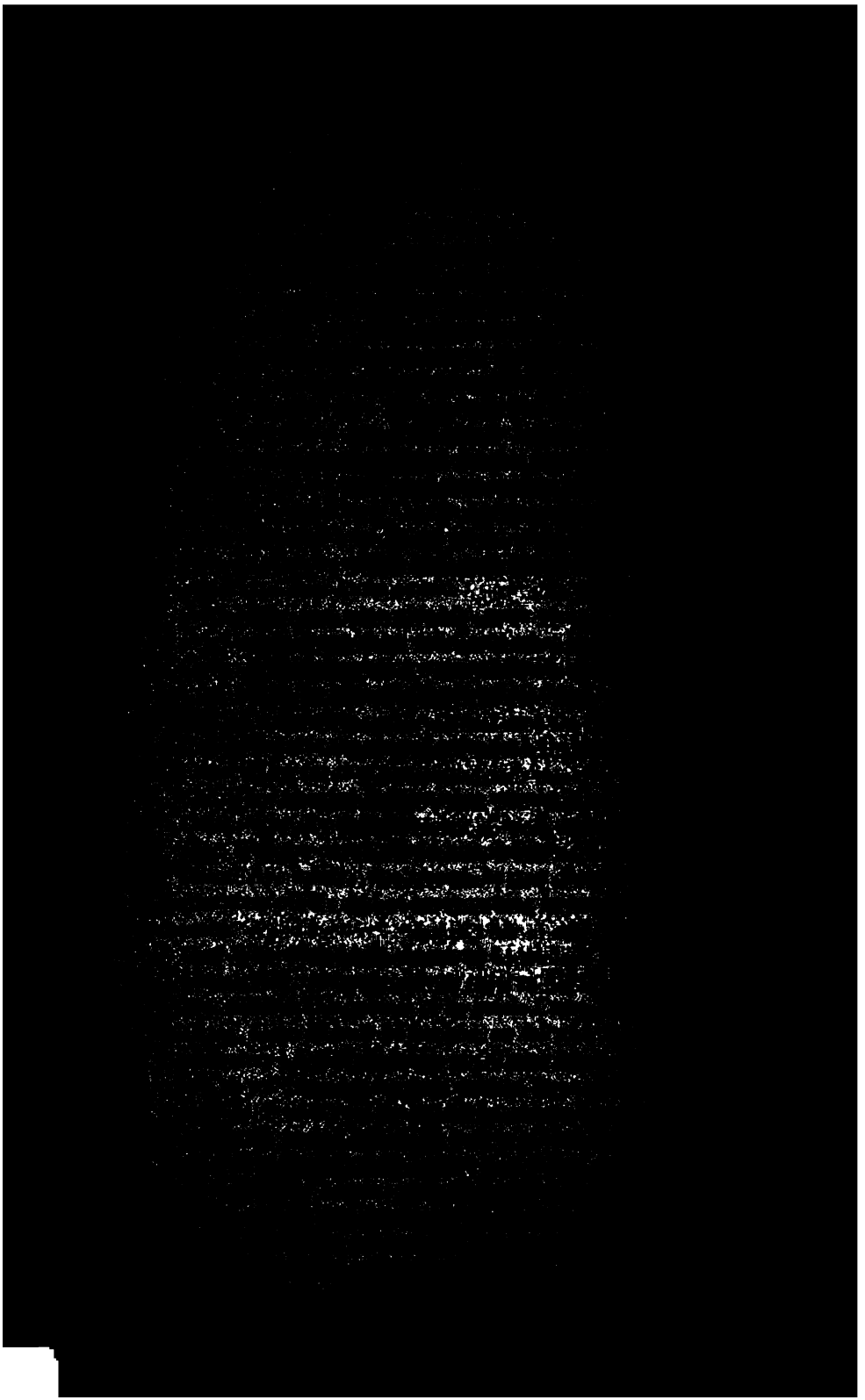
Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.



The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formèd faculties,
To monstrous quality;—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made: but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

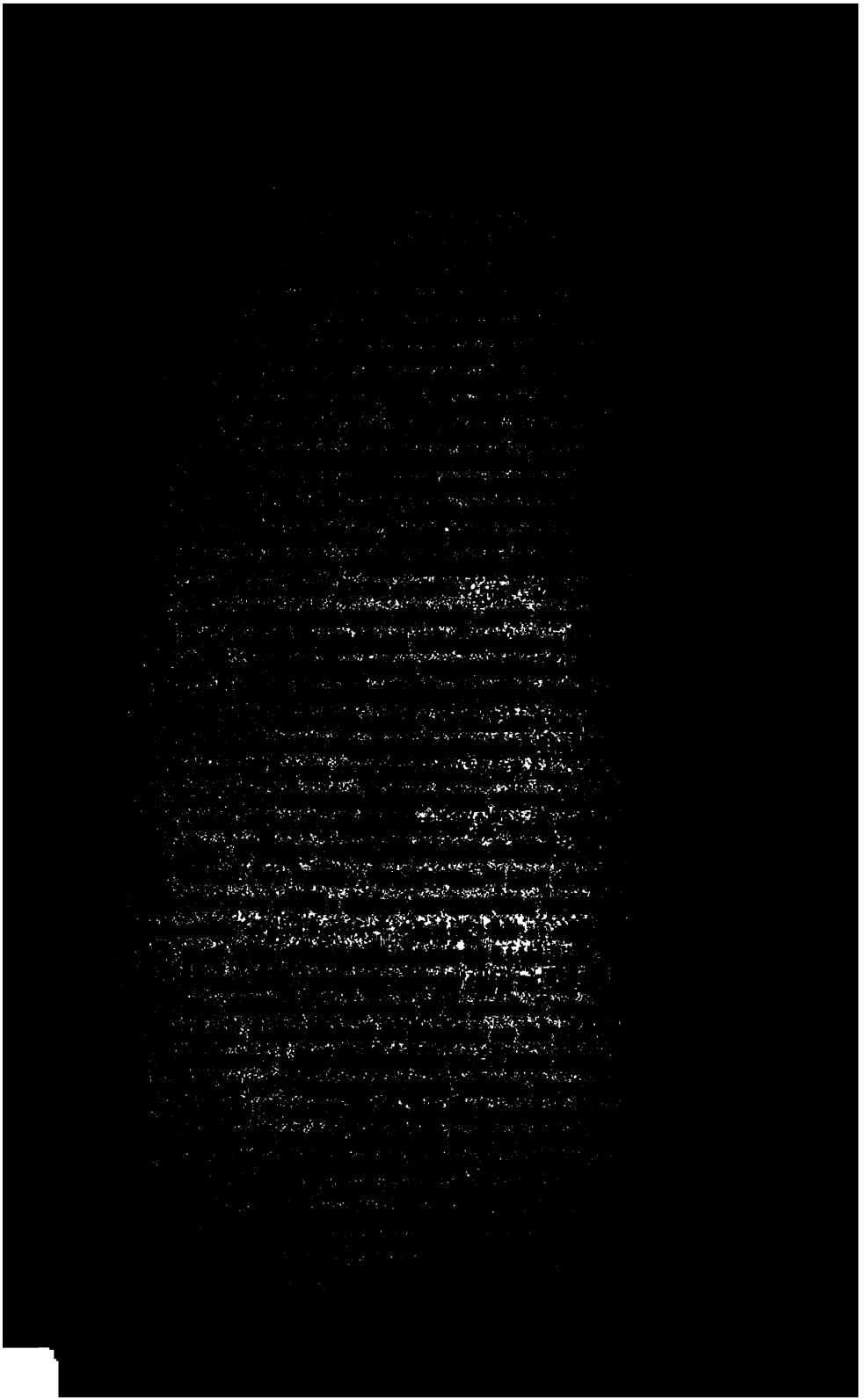
Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?



I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found [*Giving him a letter.*
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

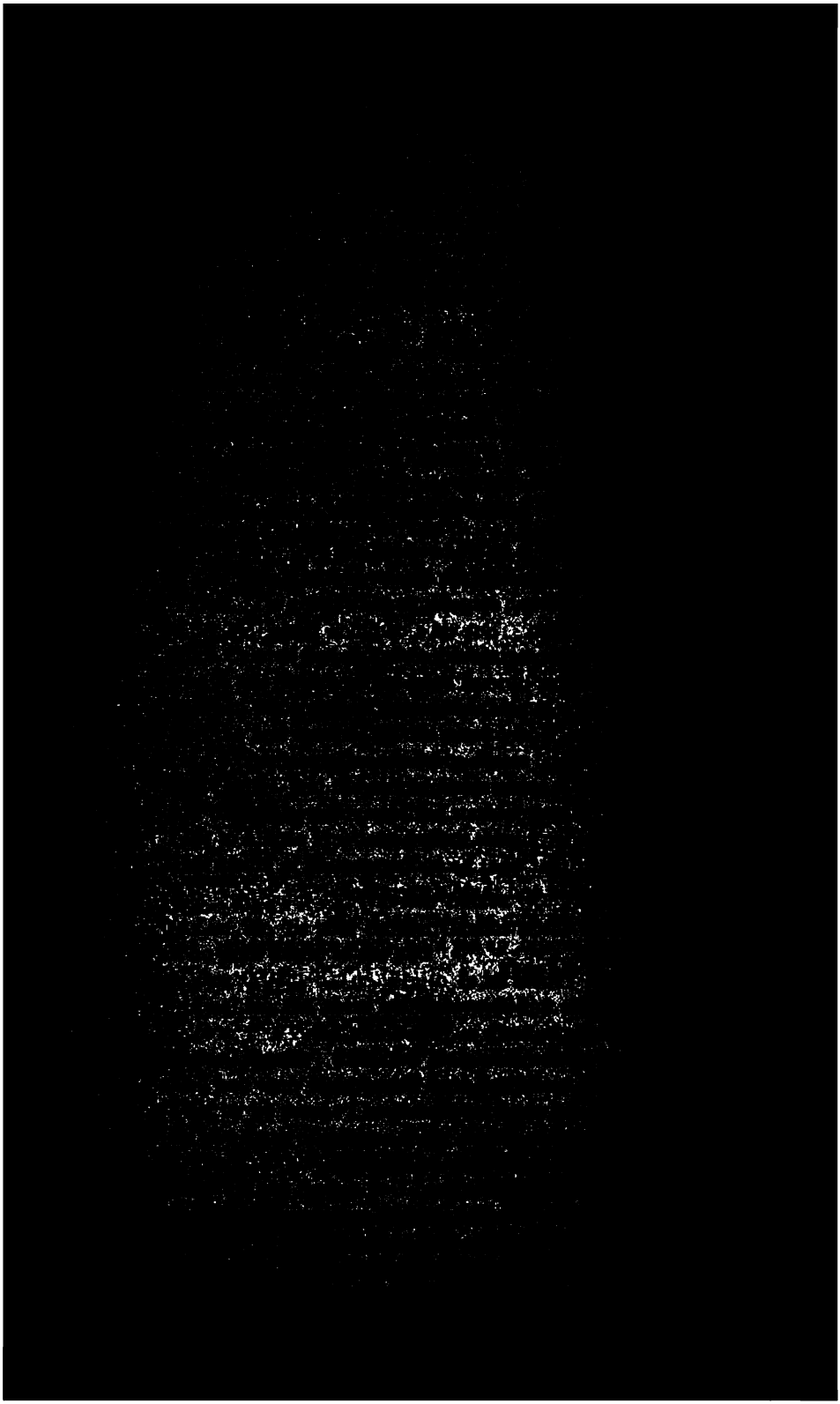
Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

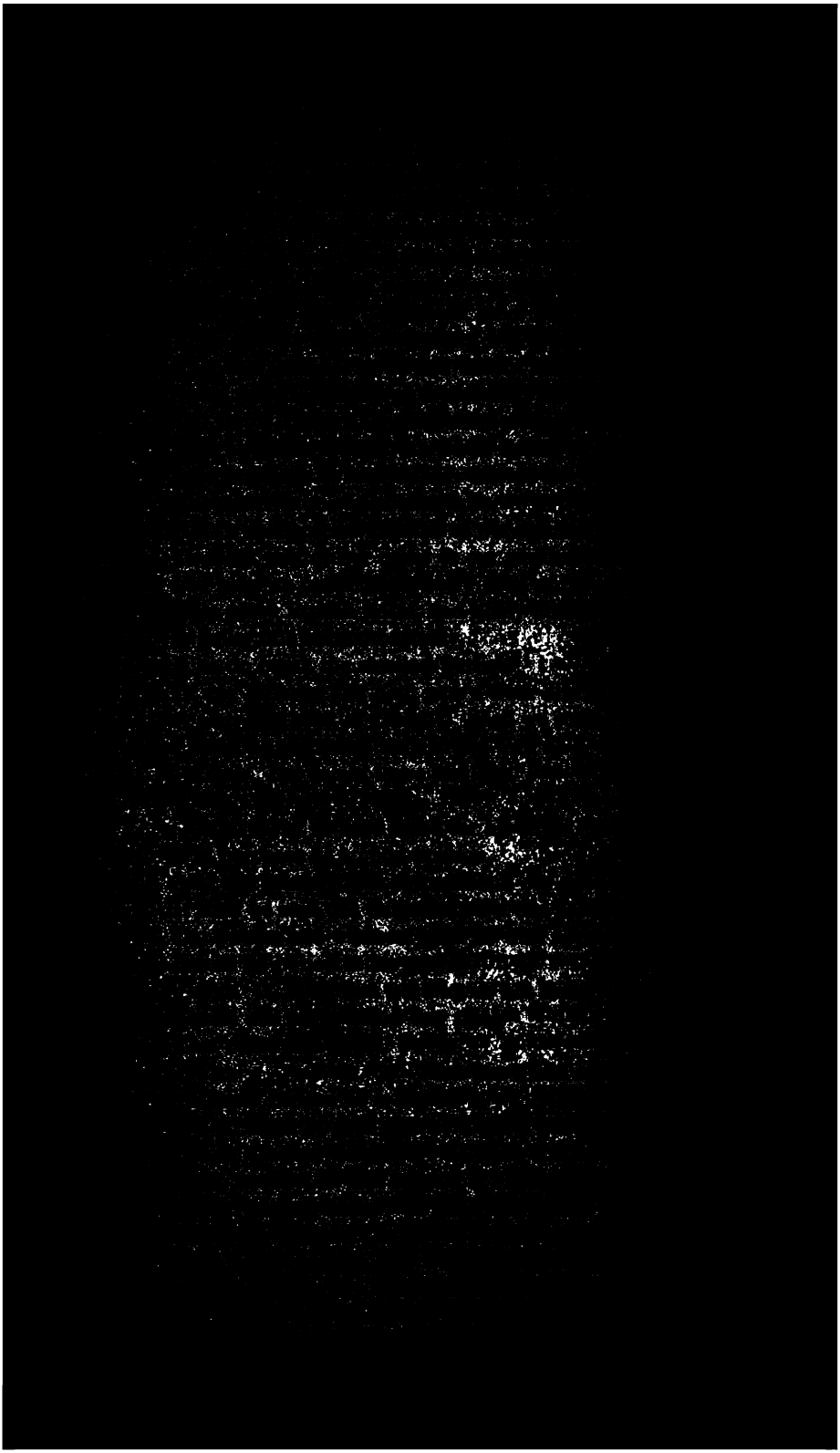
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,



To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,



Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,—
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And, for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

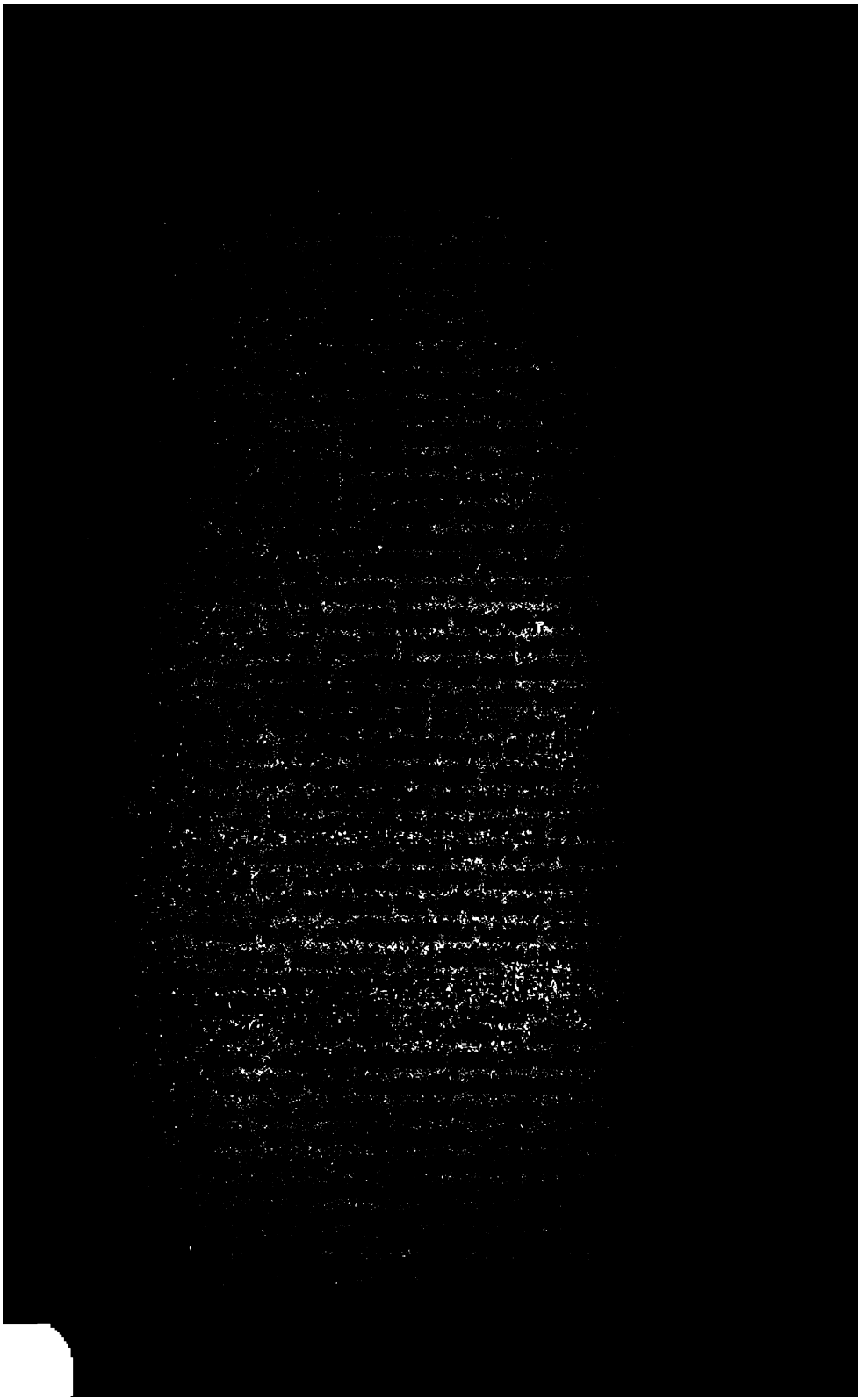
Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,



I urg'd you farther; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

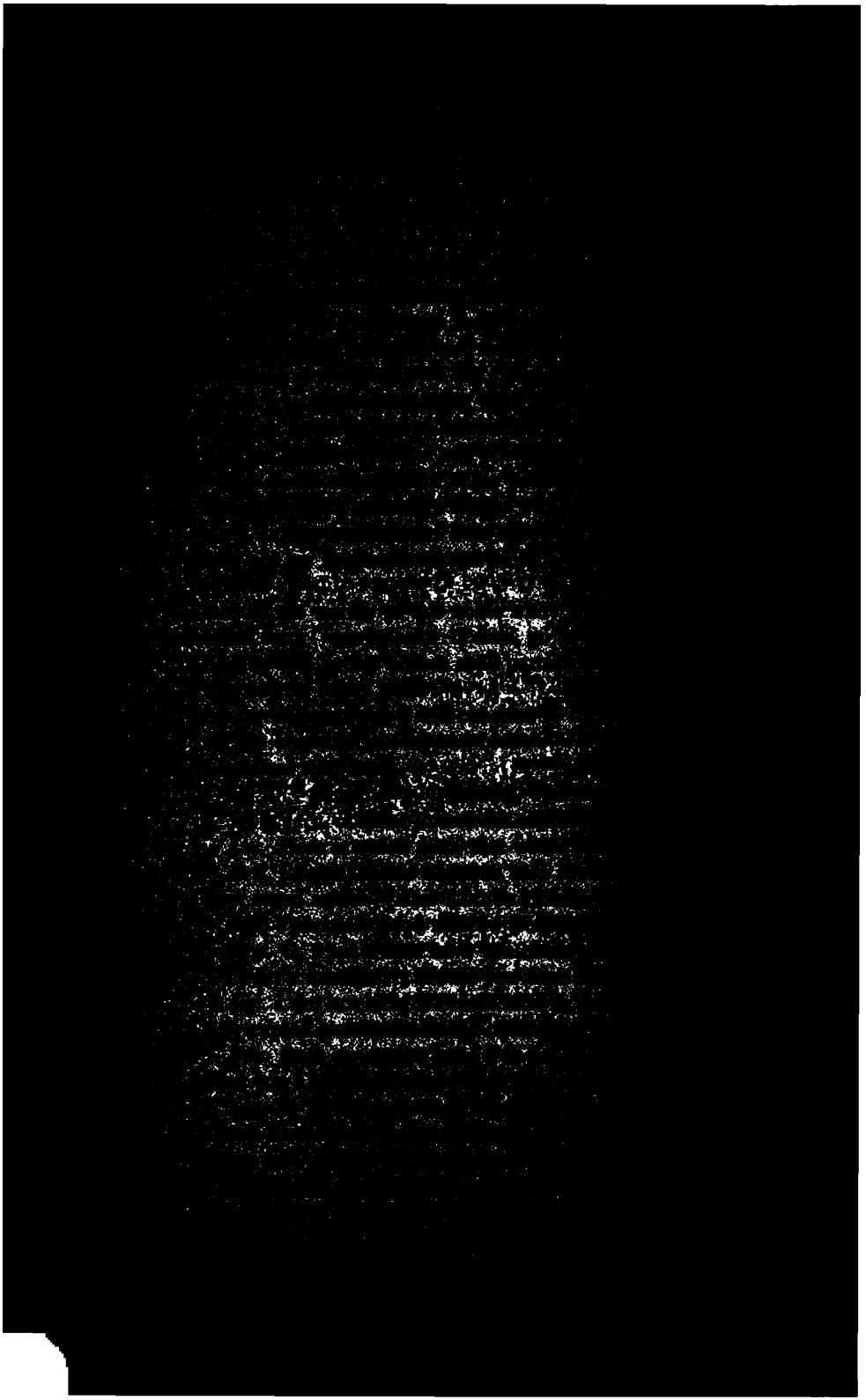
Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:—good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick,—and is it physical
To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,—
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you,—for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,—
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs



Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then.

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Hall in* CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his night-gown.*

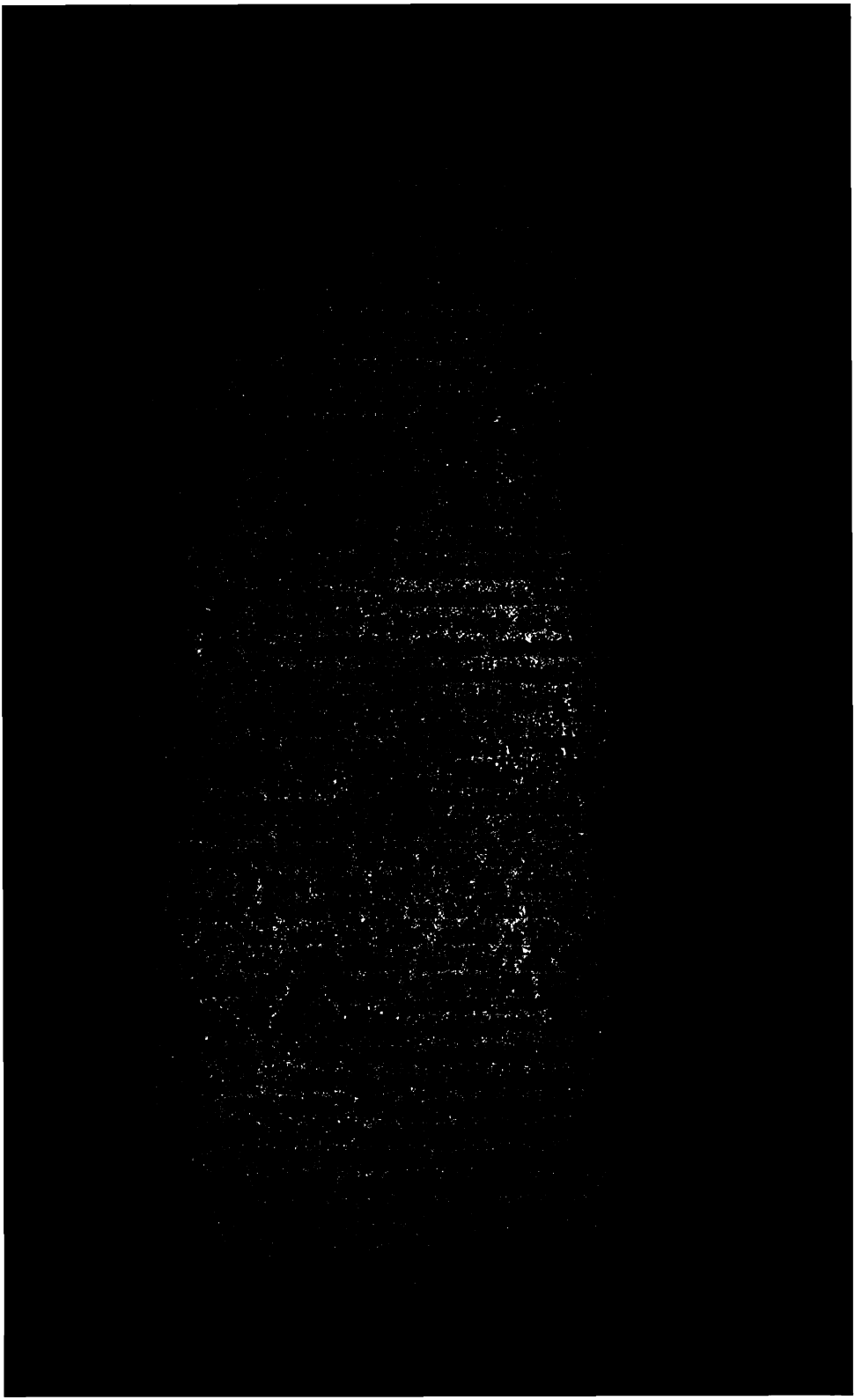
Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

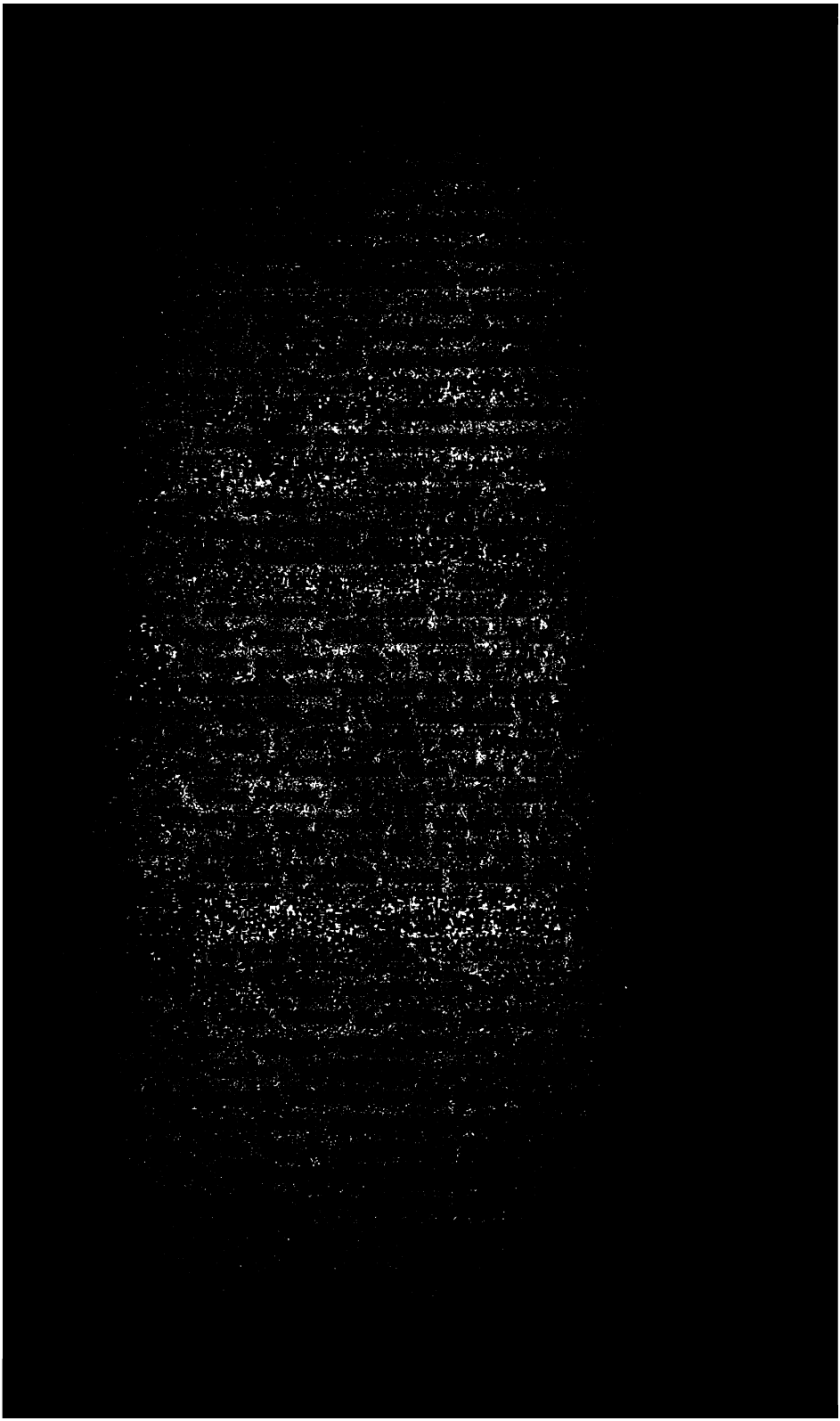
Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided,



Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamèd I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—



If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

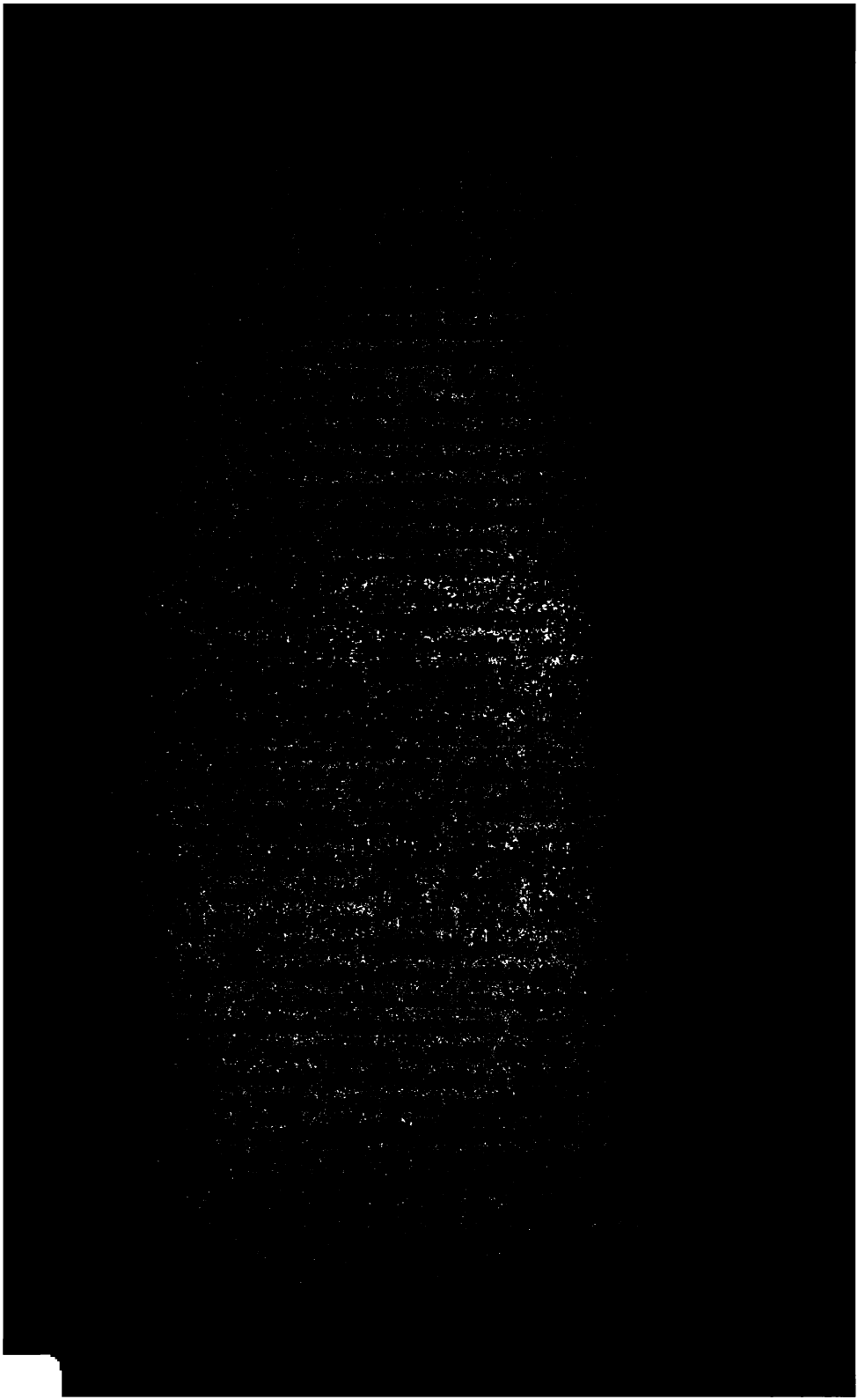
SCENE IV.—ROME. *Another Part of the same Street, before the House of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, Madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS.

Por. Come hither, fellow.
Which way hast thou been?
Art. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Art. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Art. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not
Art. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.



Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to* CÆSAR.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the* Senators *take their seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

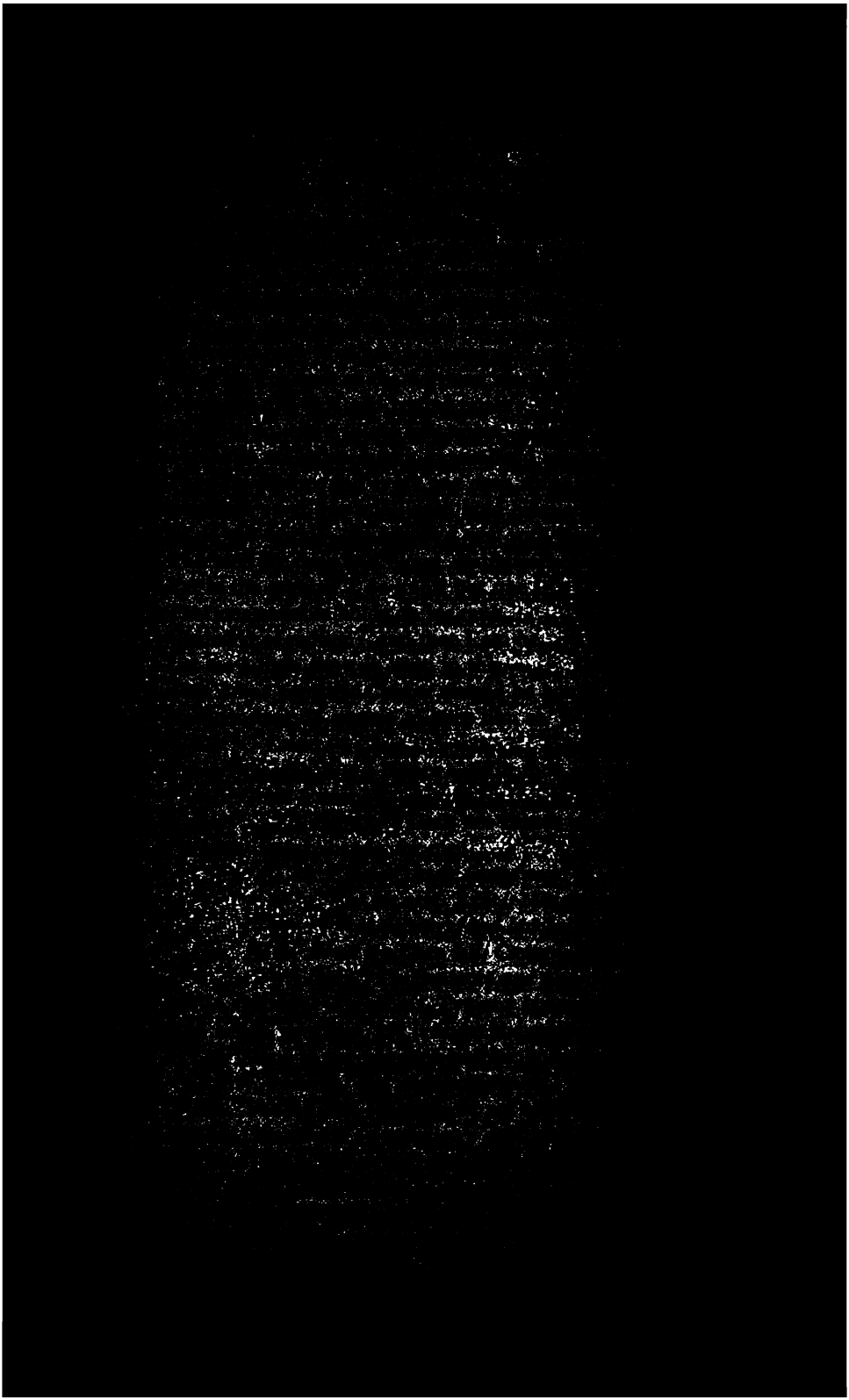
Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs. What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
A humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?



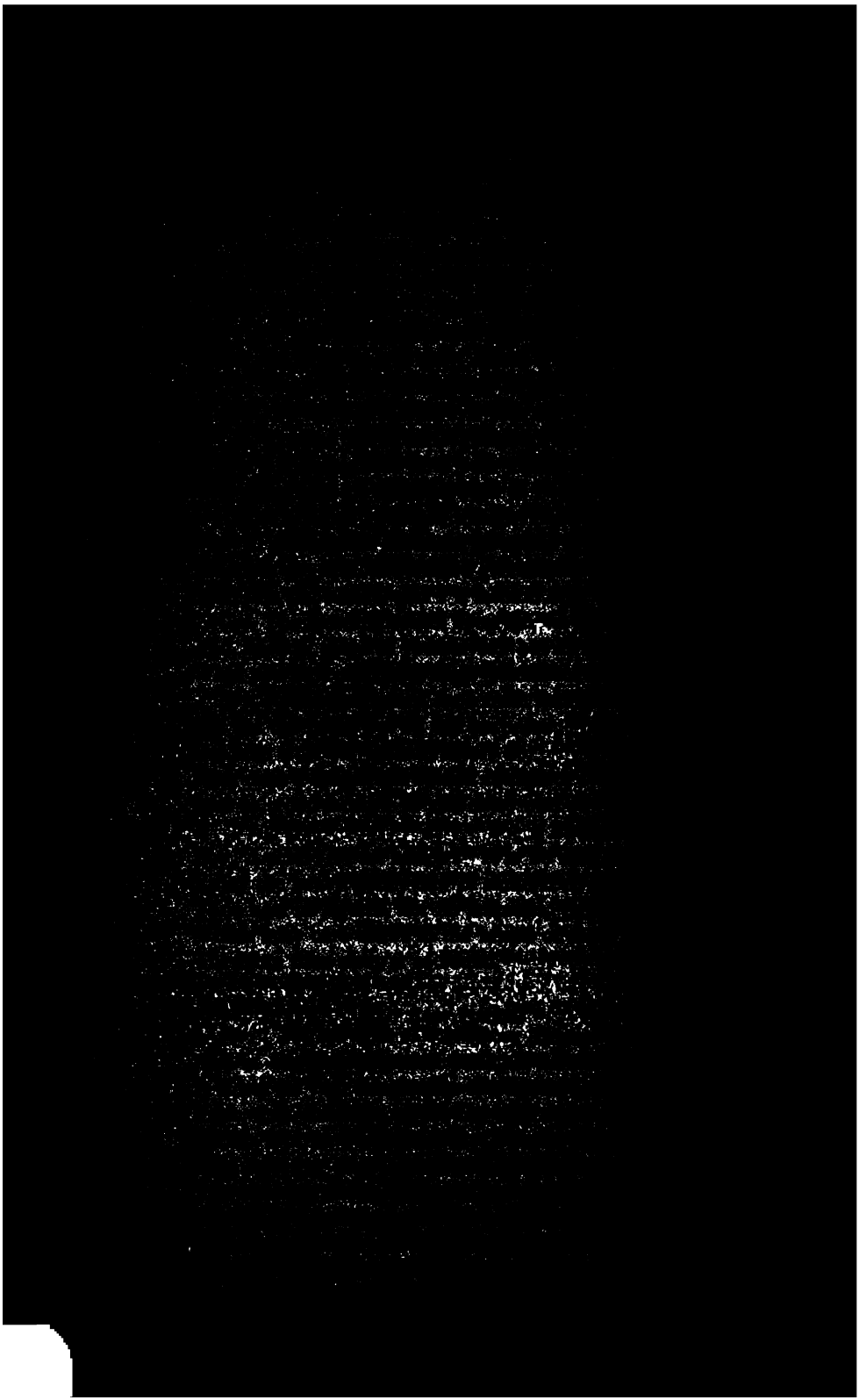
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius: lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,
But we, the doers.

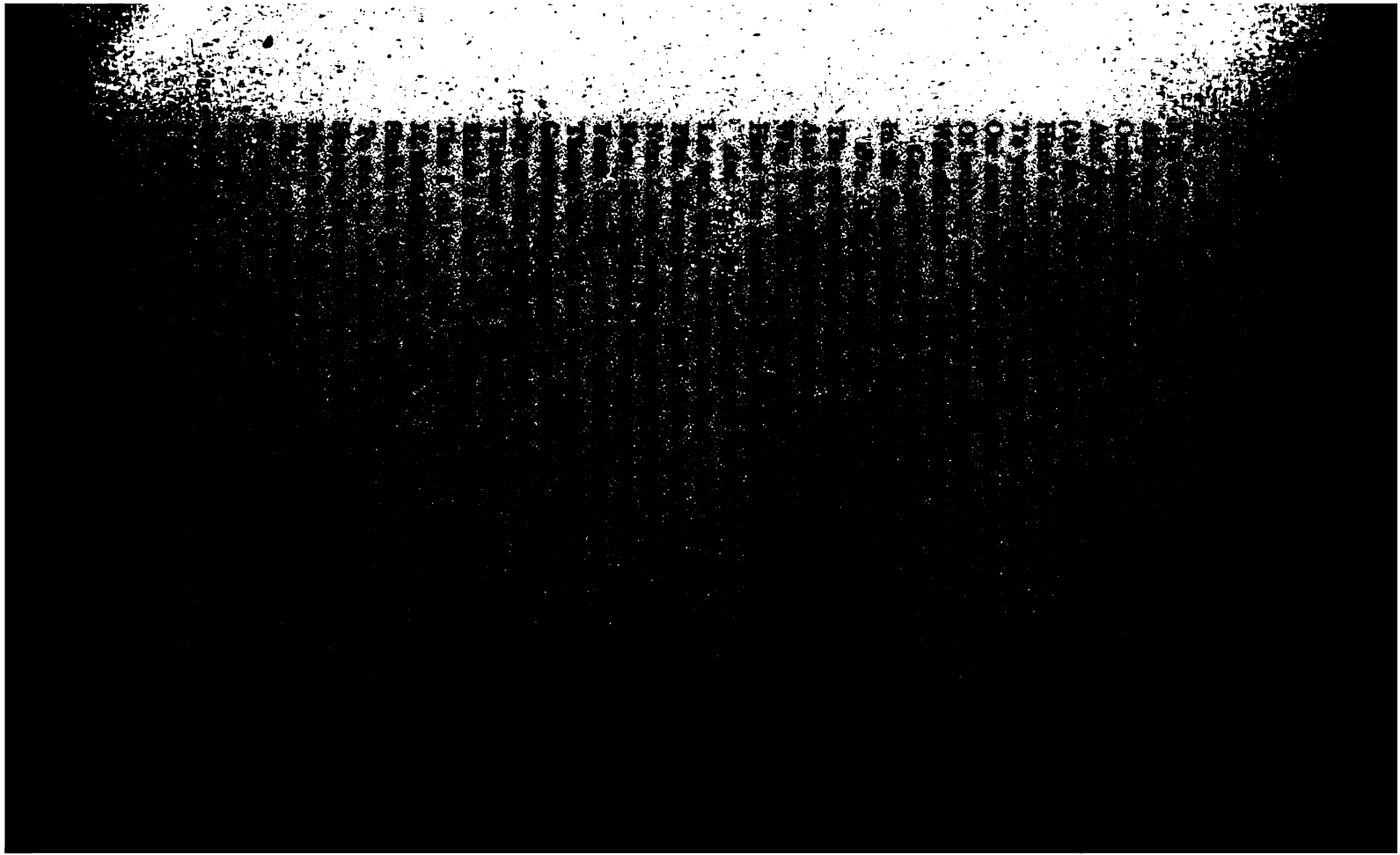
Re-enter TREBONIUS.

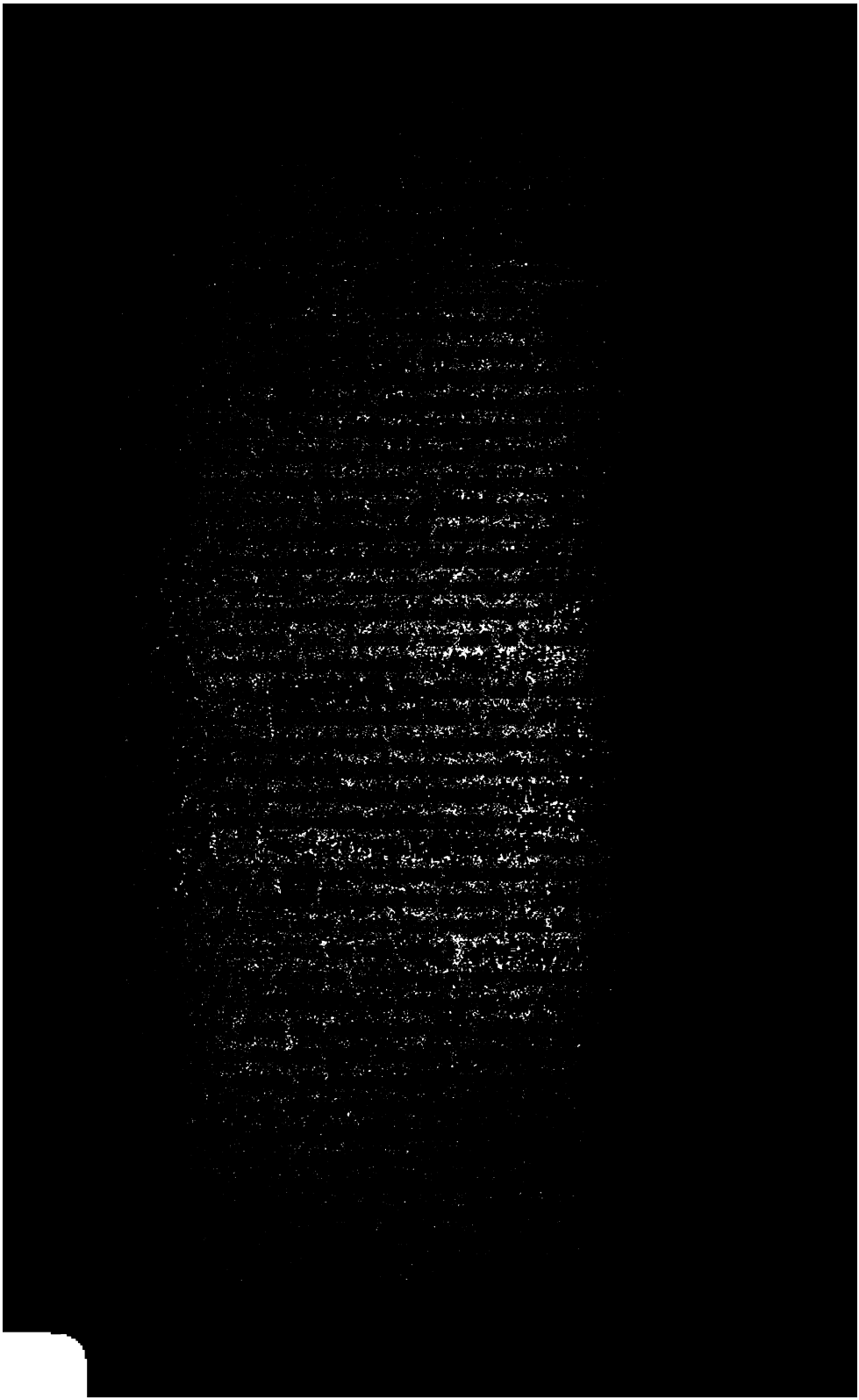
Cas. Where's Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"
Cas. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.
Bru. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

A friend of Antony's.







And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all except* ANTONY.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

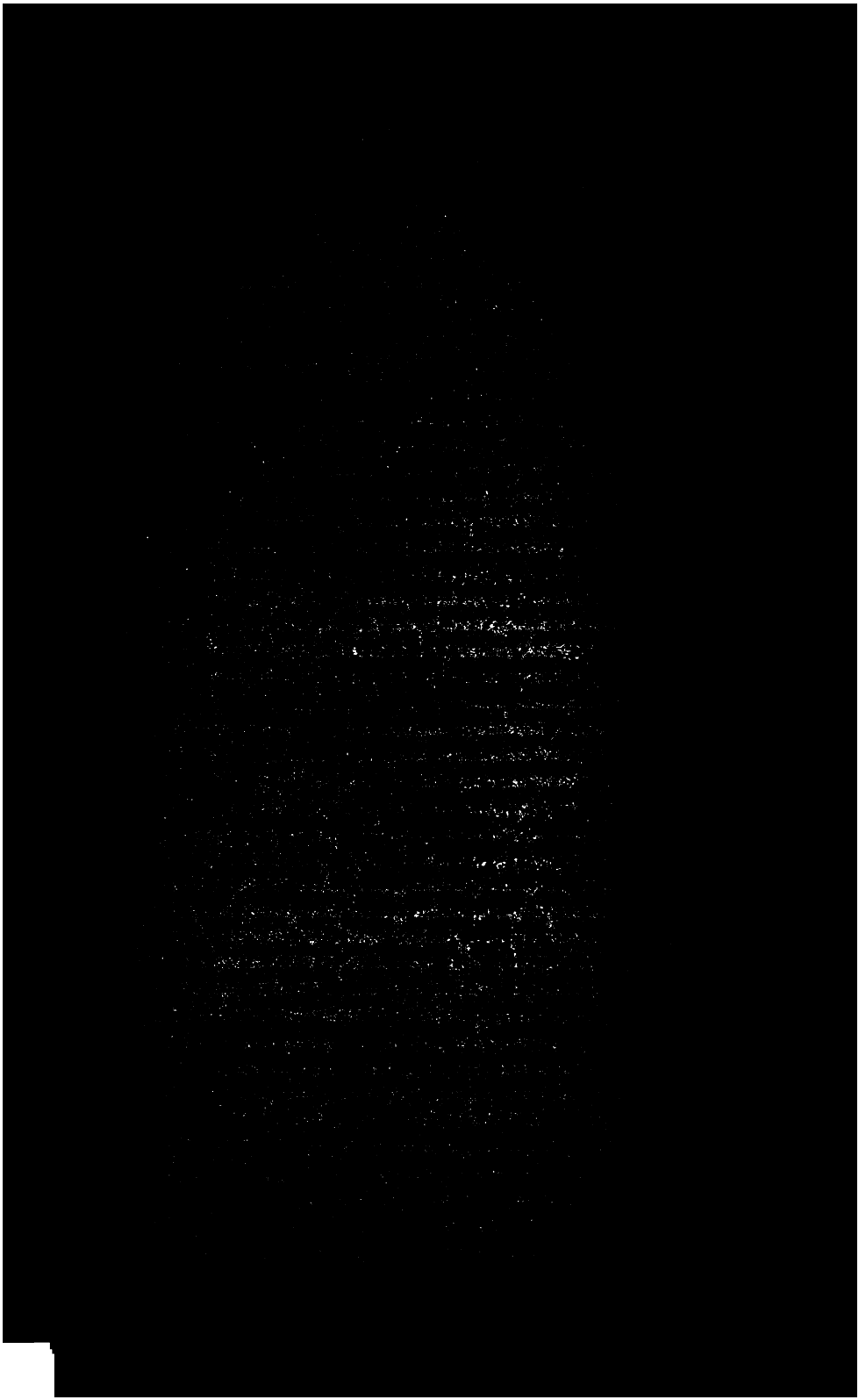
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,— [*Seeing the body.*
O Cæsar!—

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:



Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony:

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you. [*Goes up.*

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

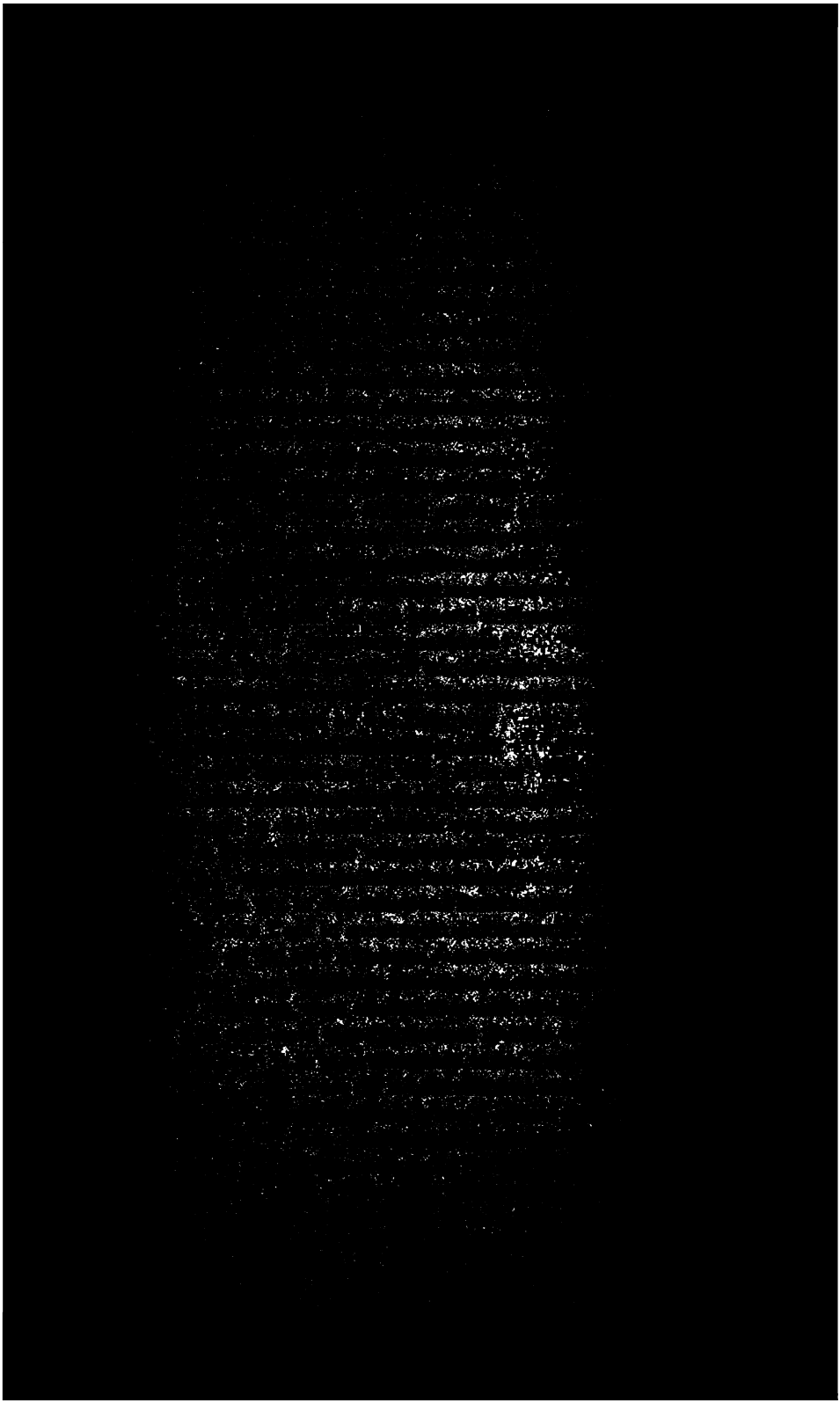
3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

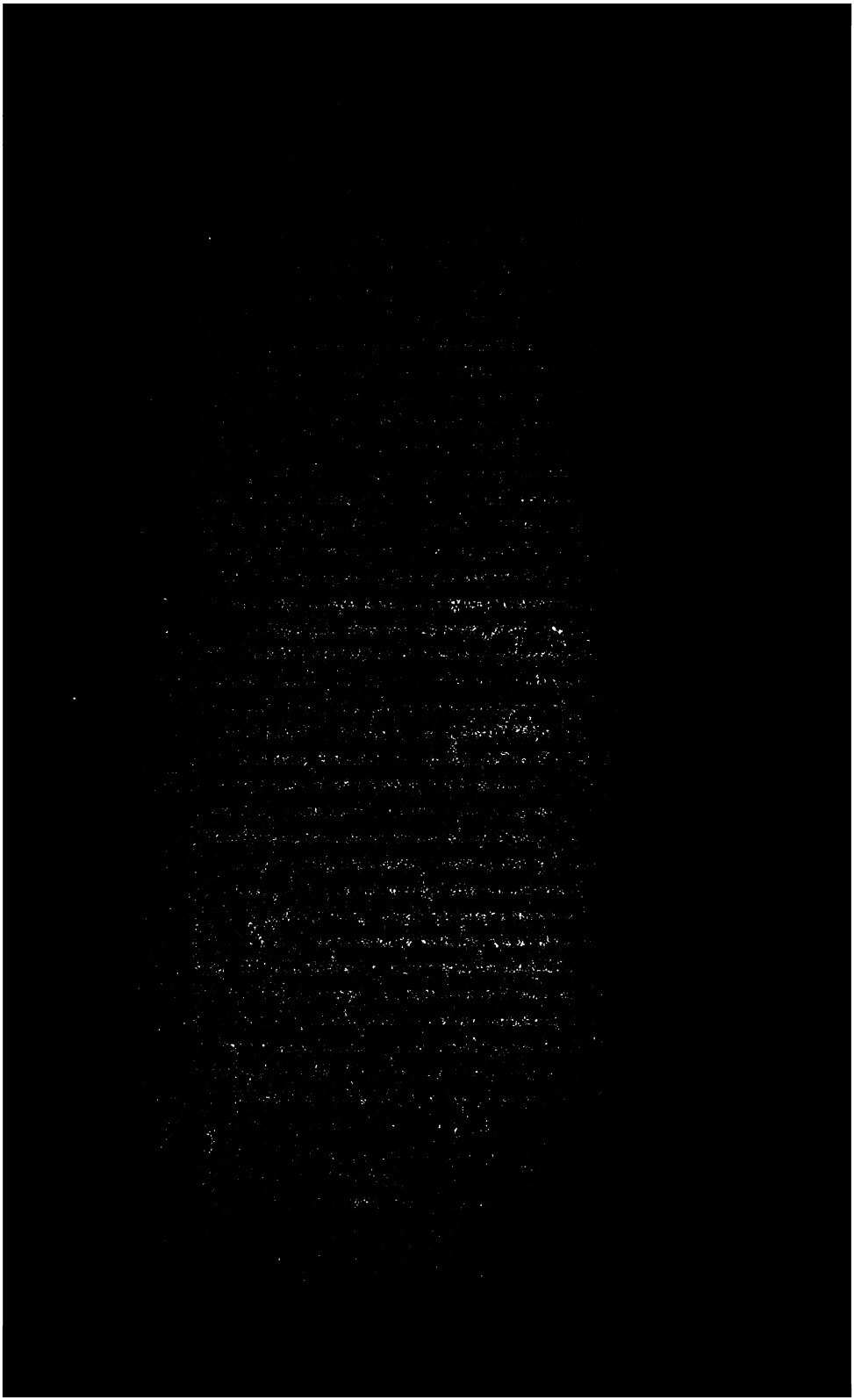
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

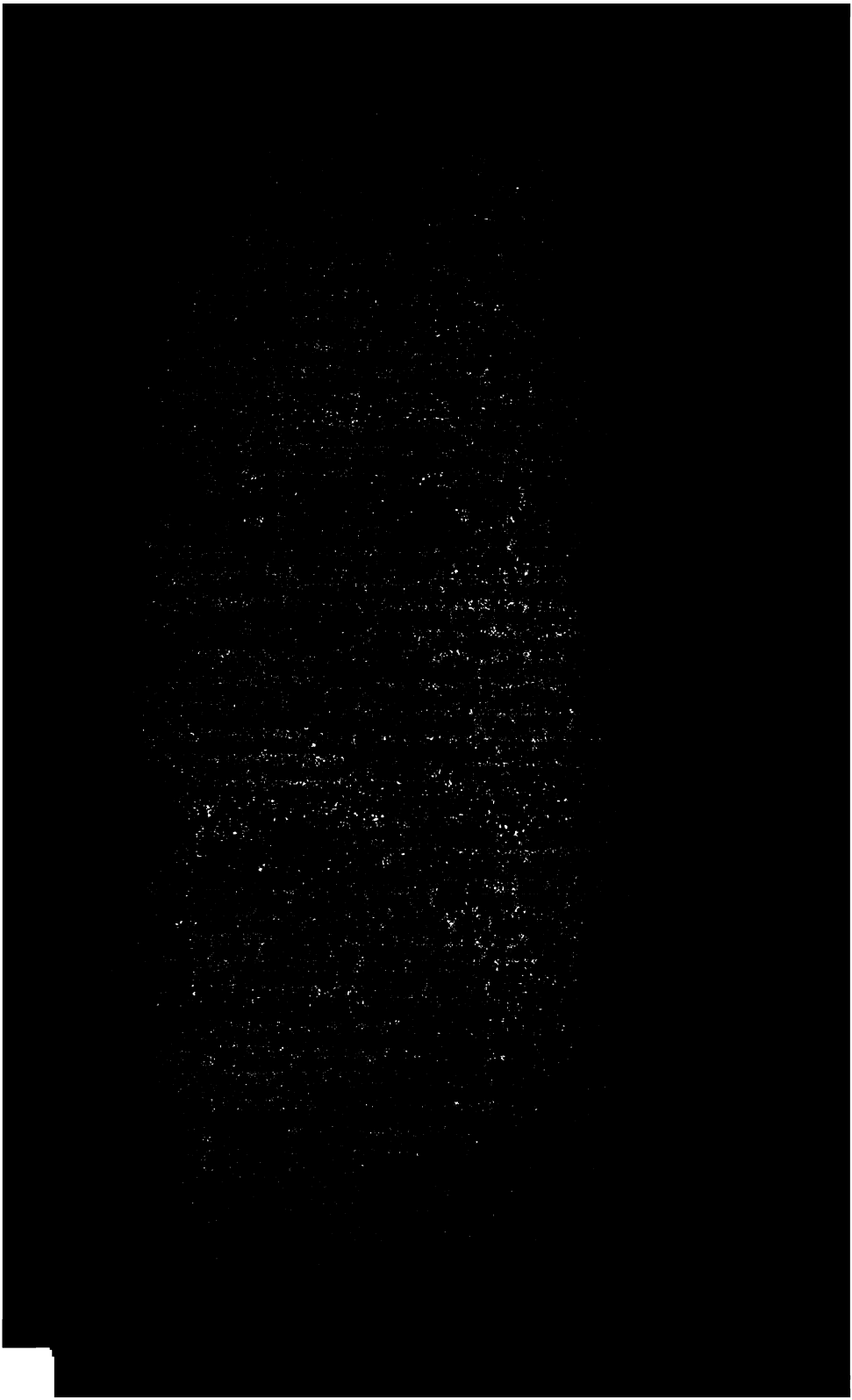
2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.



2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now, lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad!
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!
Citizens. The will! the testament!
2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?



Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it;—they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Citizens. We'll mutiny.
1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.
3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not,—I must tell you, then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens. Most true;—the will:—let's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.
3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,



every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:—wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Room in* Antony's *House.*

Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

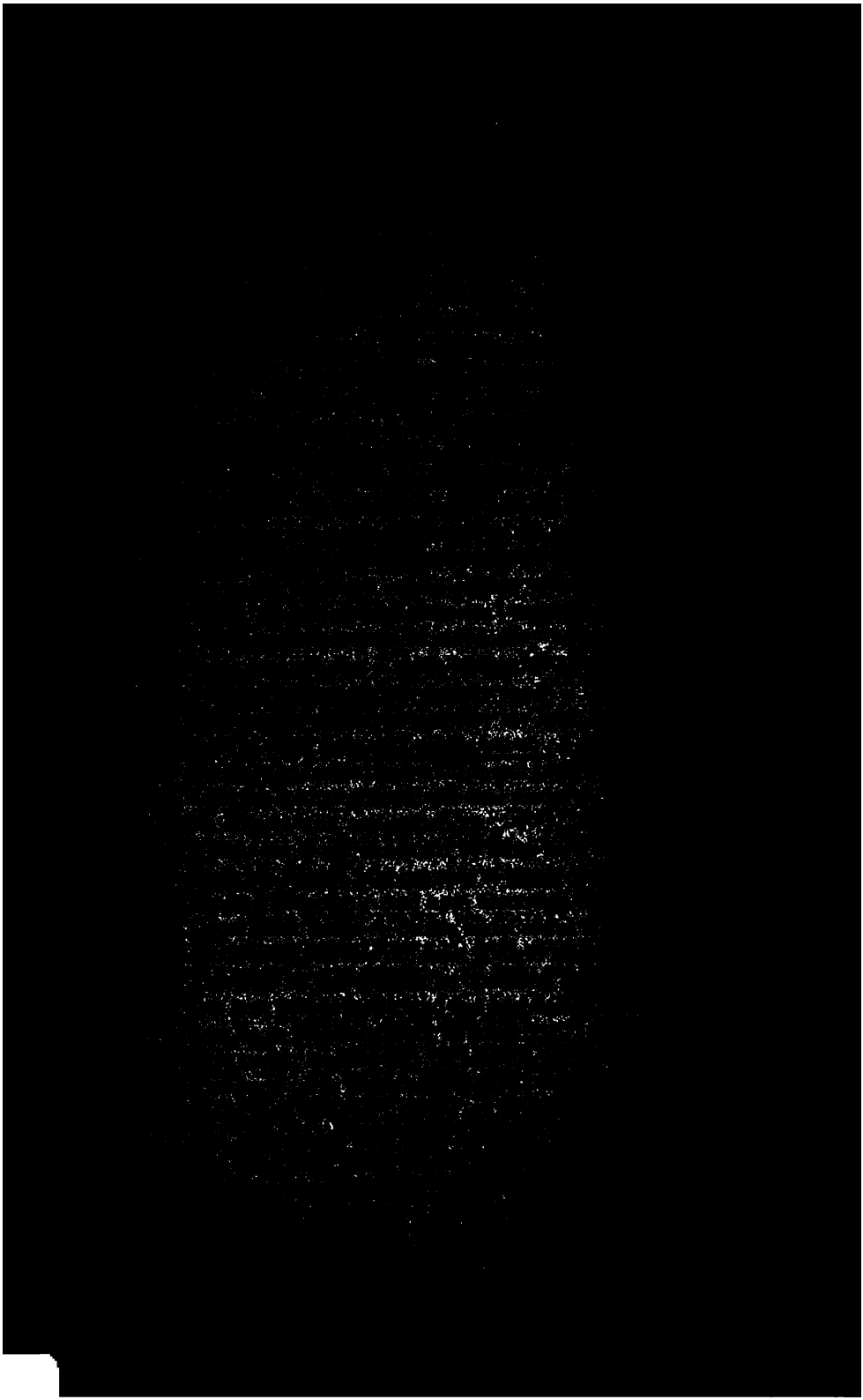
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,



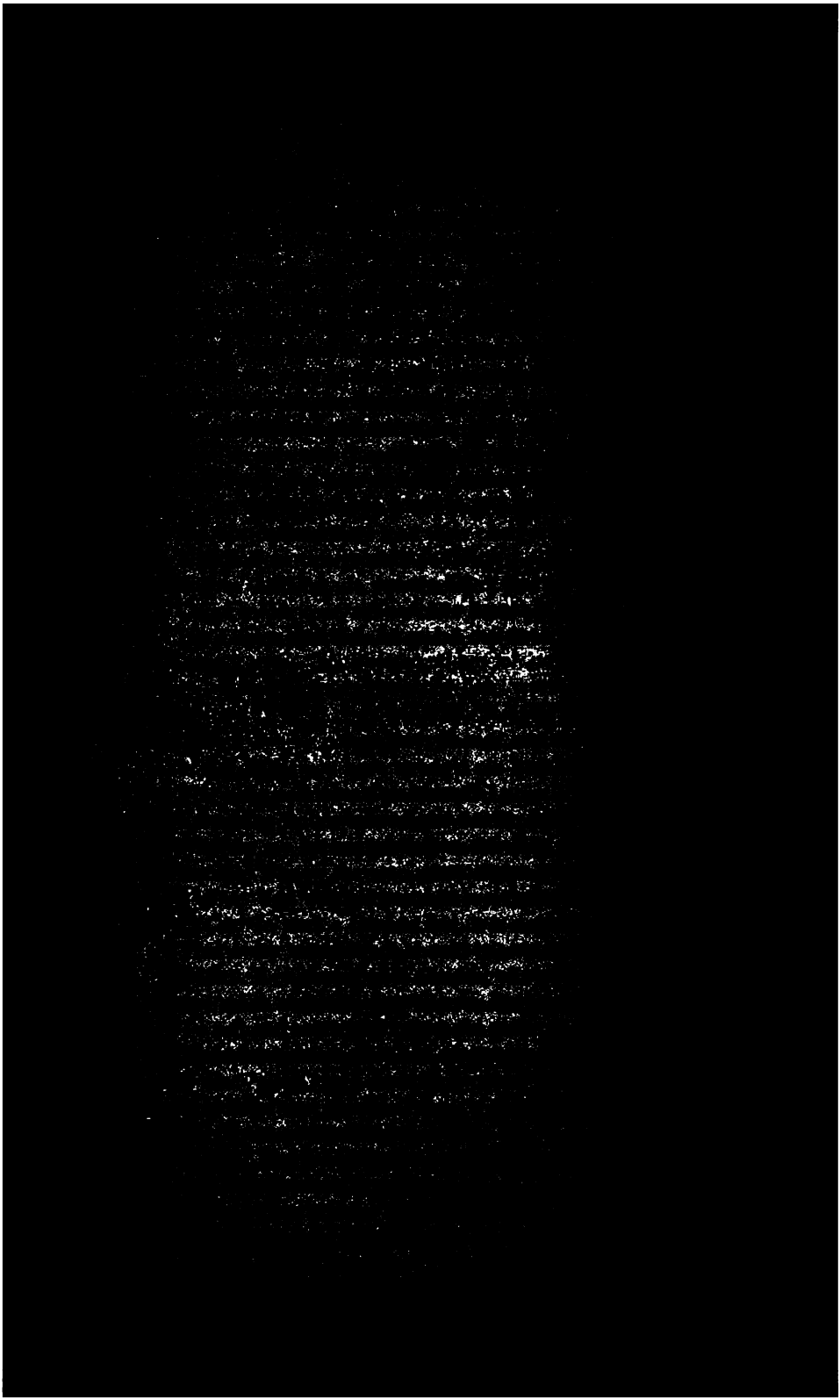
SCENE II.—*Before* BRUTUS' *Tent, in the Camp near* SARDIS.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers: TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand!



What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,—
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

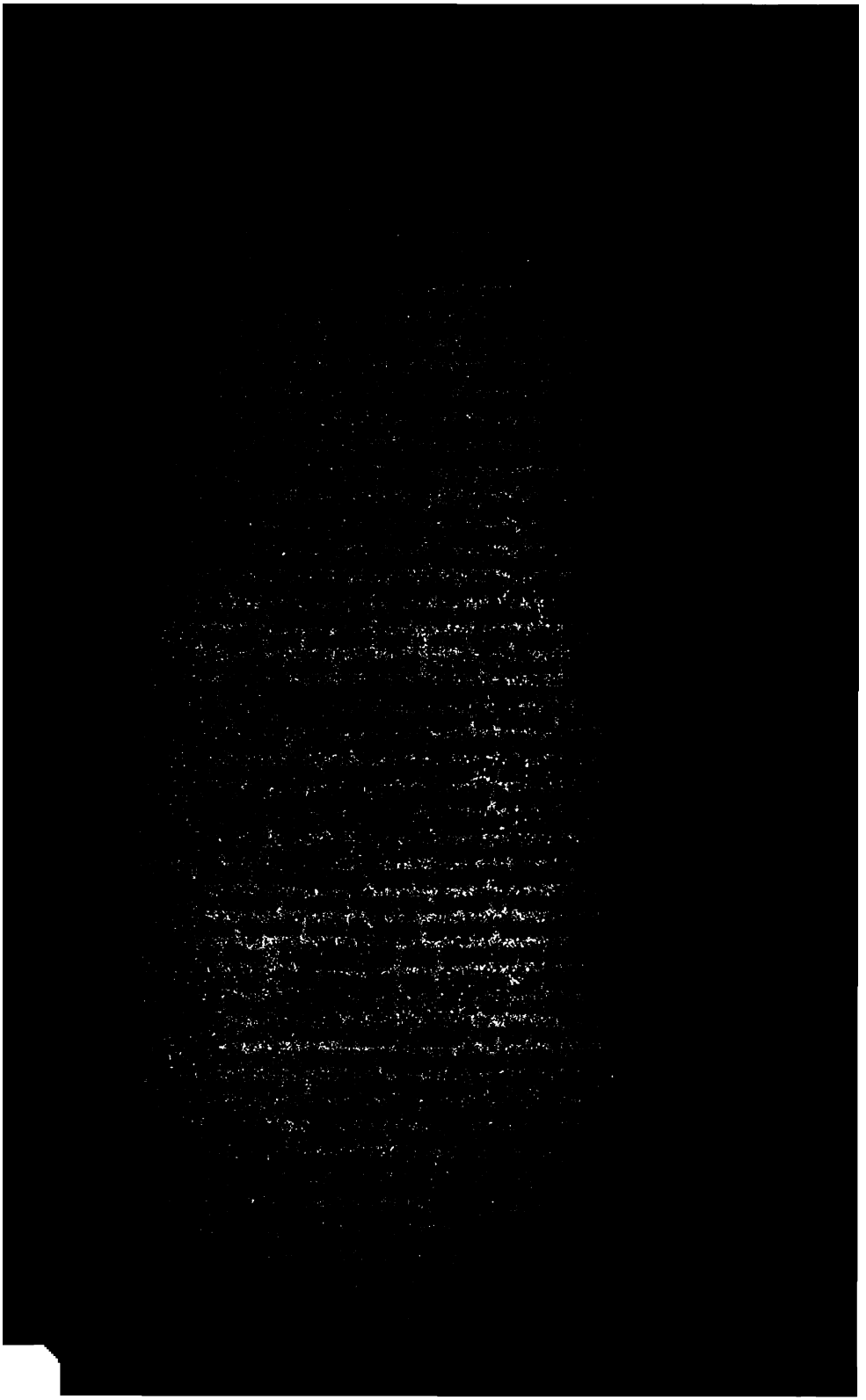
Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.



My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus,—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

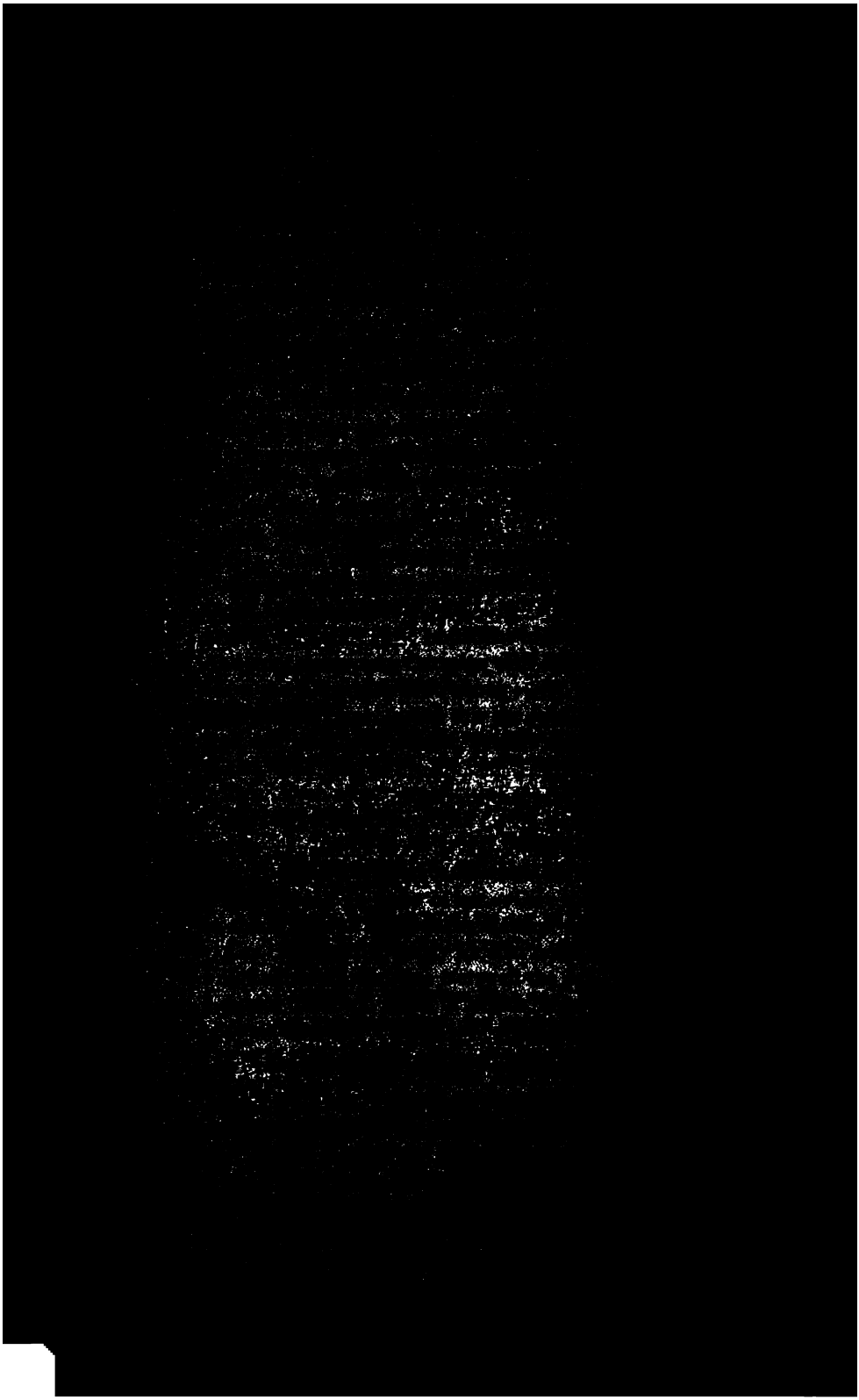
Cas. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

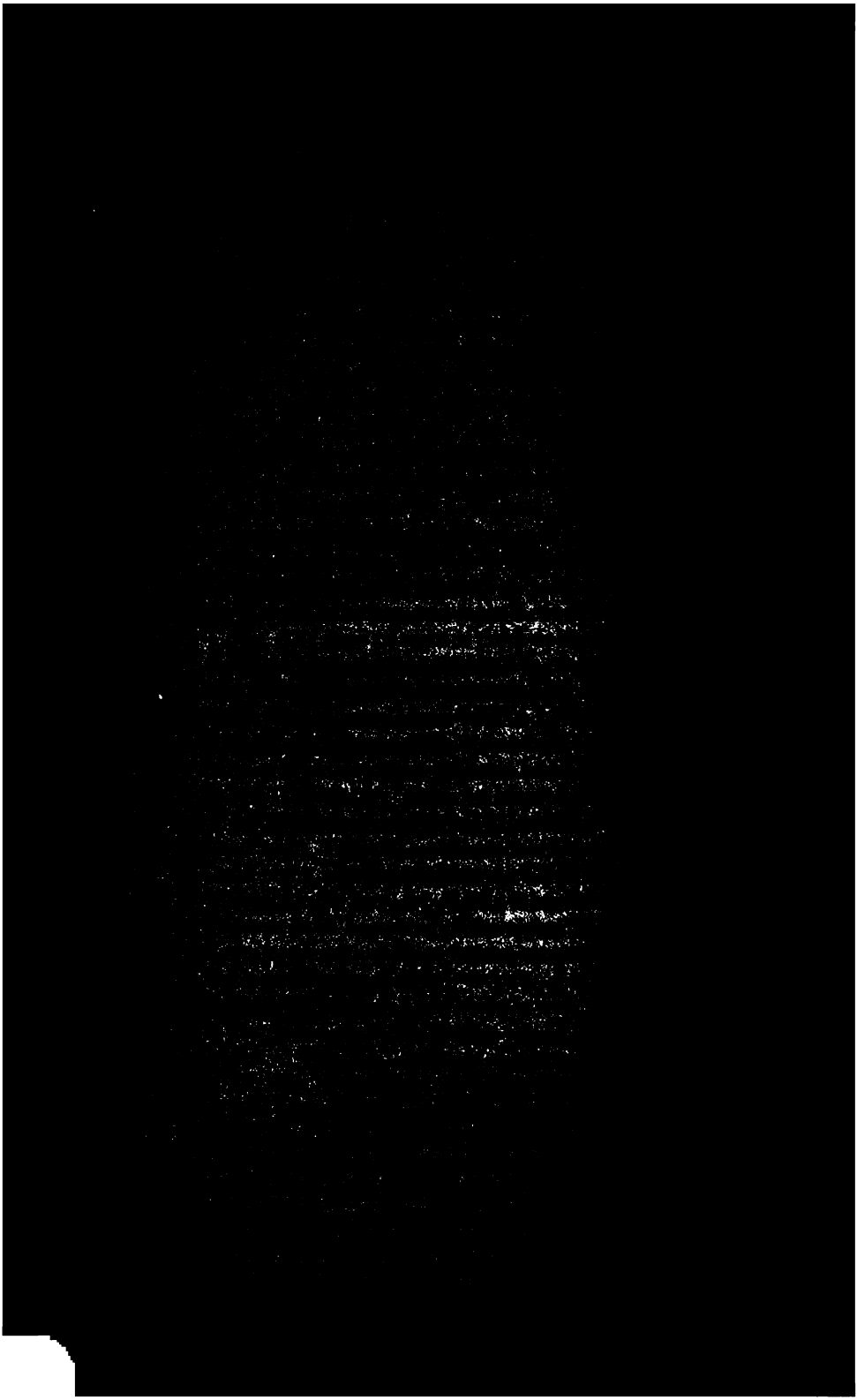
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme.

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.



Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:—
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,



Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good Sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
[VAR. *and* CLAU. *lie down.*
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, Sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*Sits down.*

The Ghost of CÆSAR *appears.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

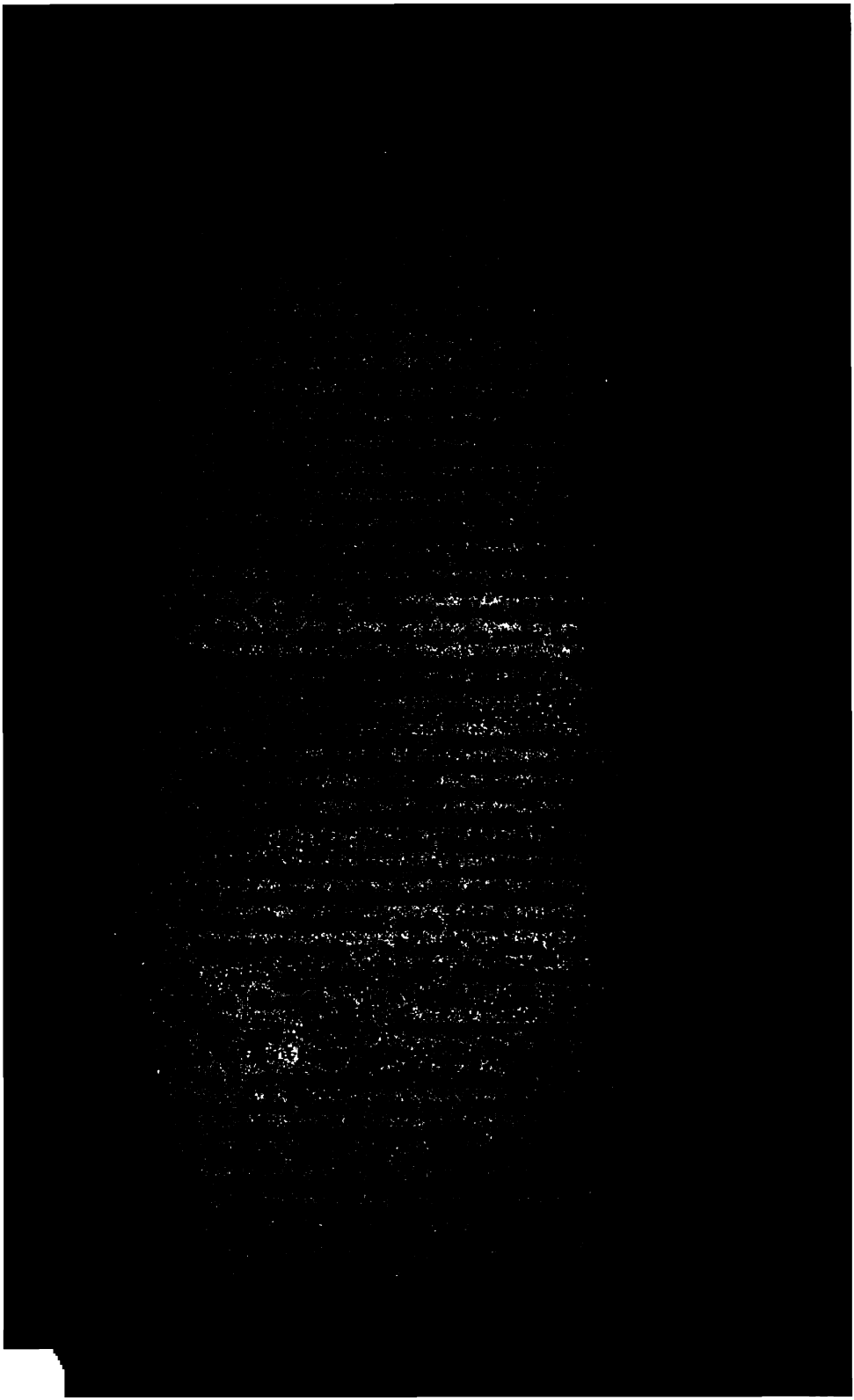
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you: but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows:—is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:



Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

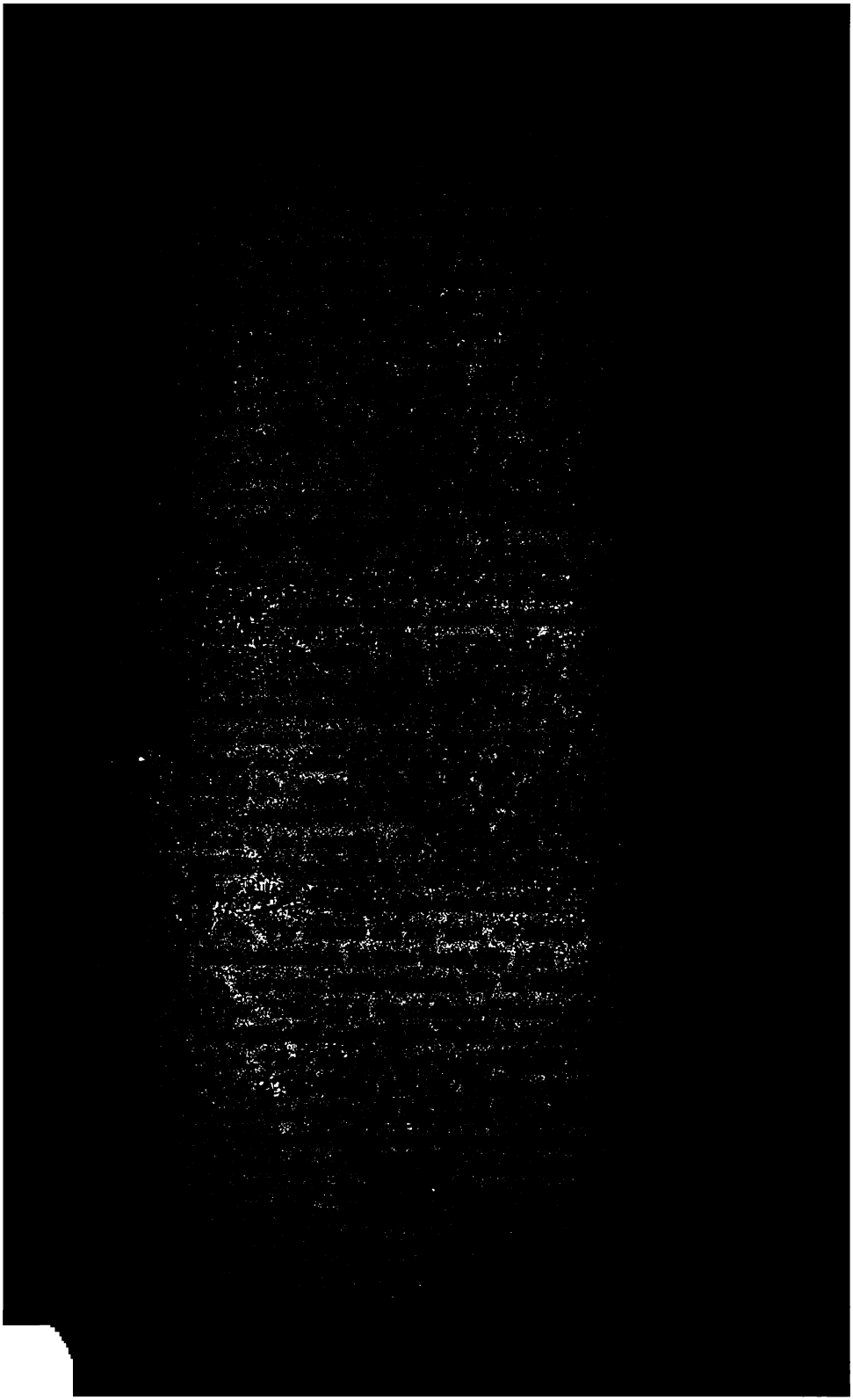
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determinèd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

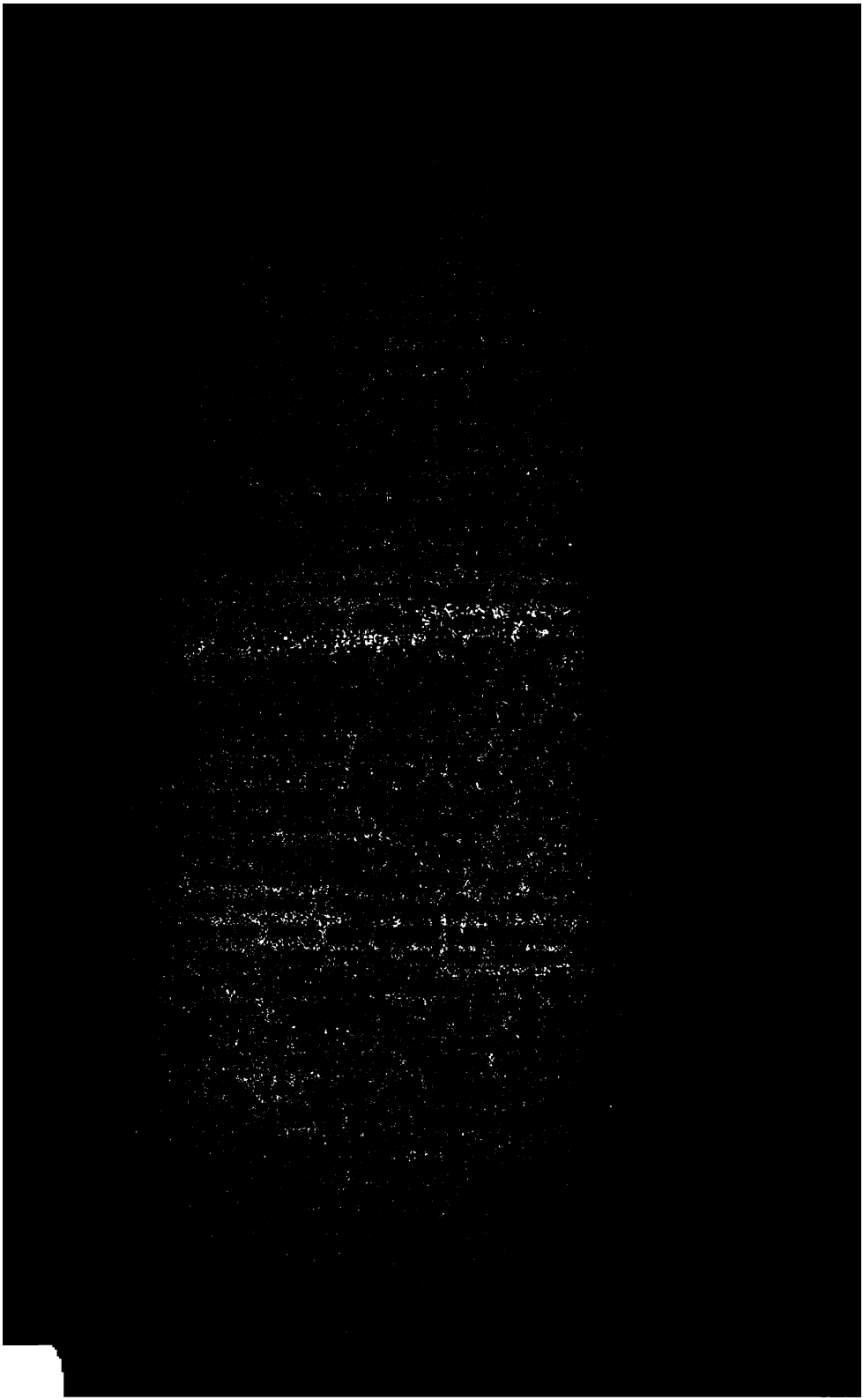
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!



And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[PINDARUS *goes up.*
This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. [*Above.*] Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on:—now they are almost on him;—
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light;—O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—[*Shout.*] and, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
[PINDARUS *descends.*
Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free: yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,



Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well:
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

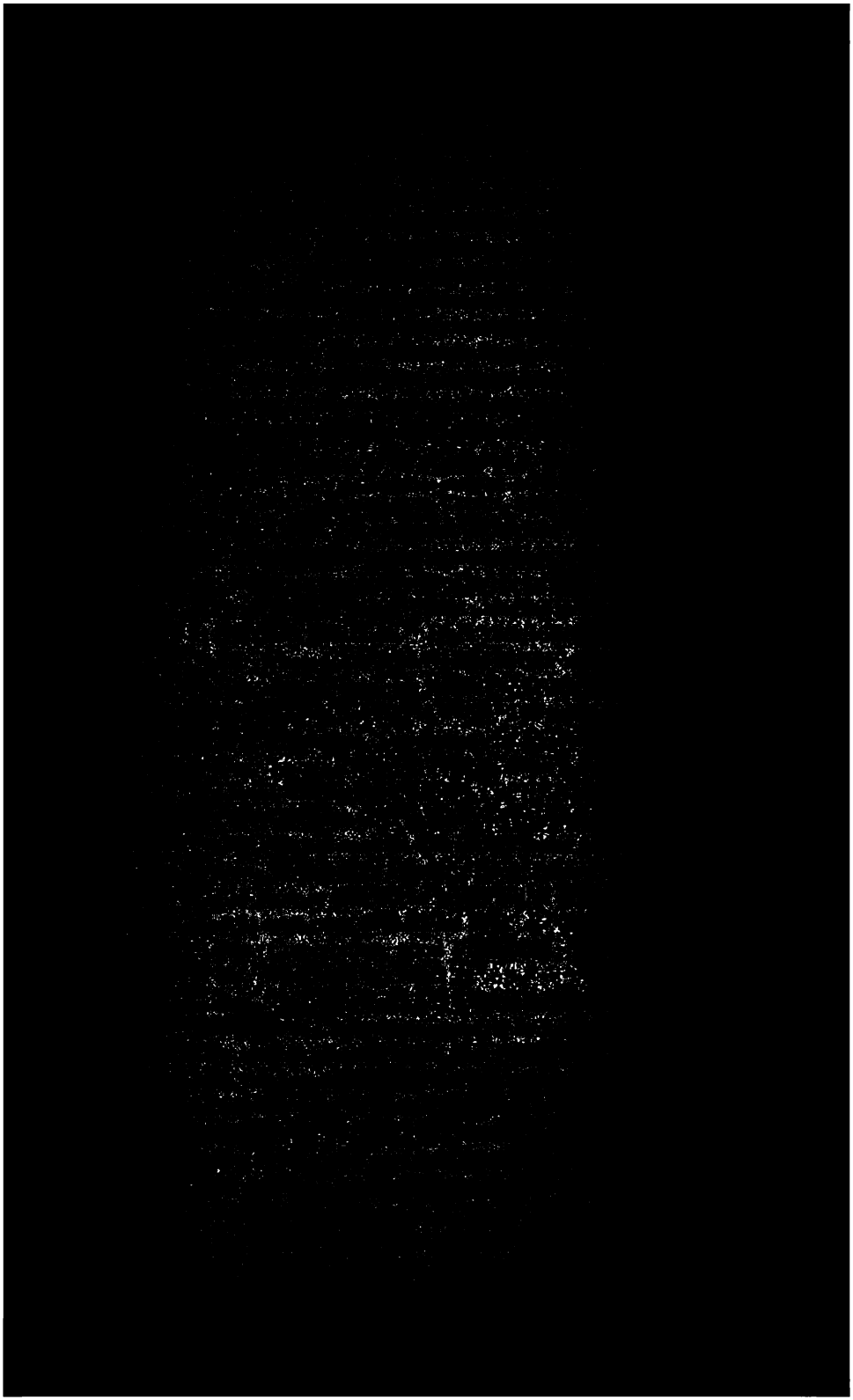
SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *Young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy. Young* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news:—here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

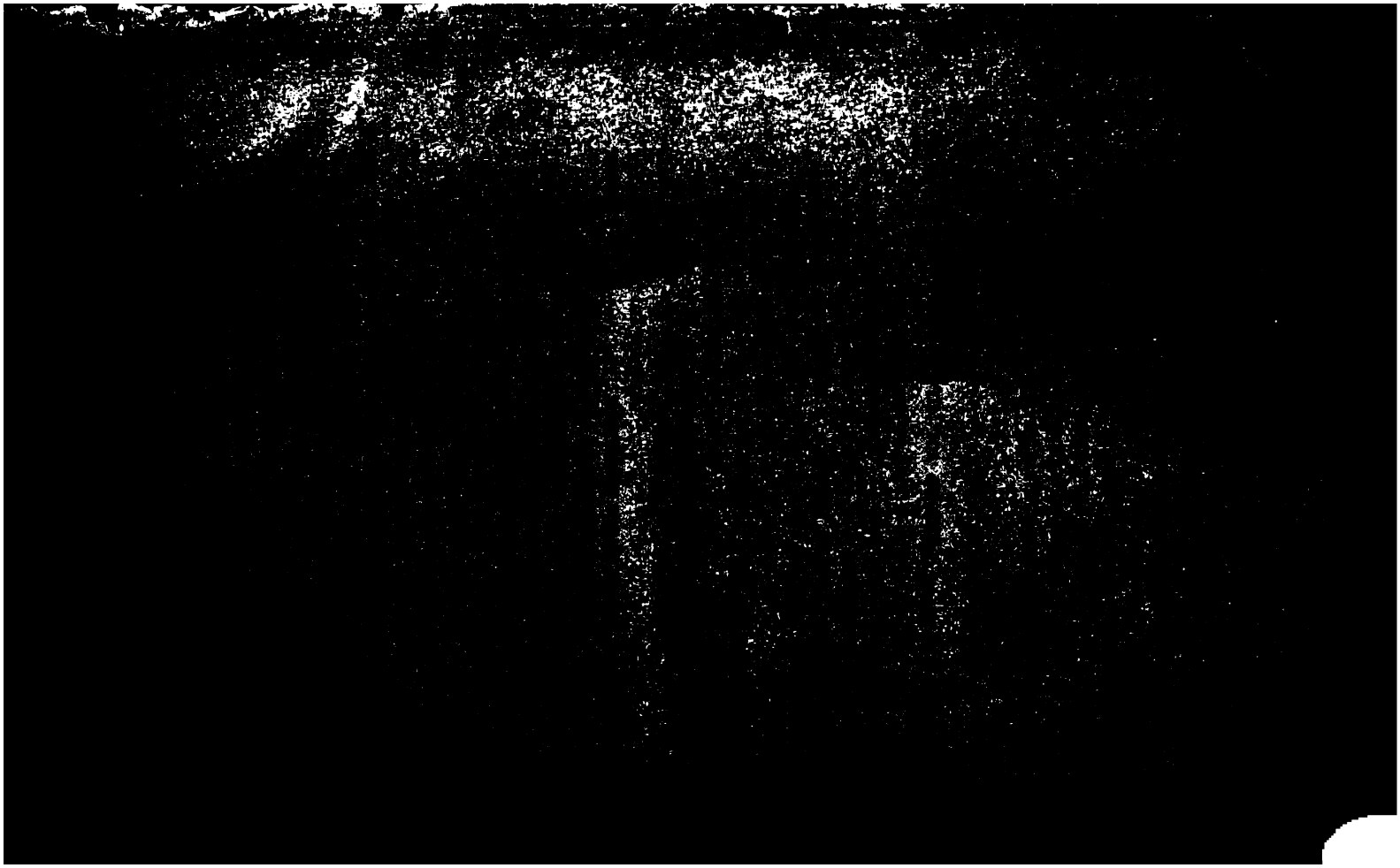
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy

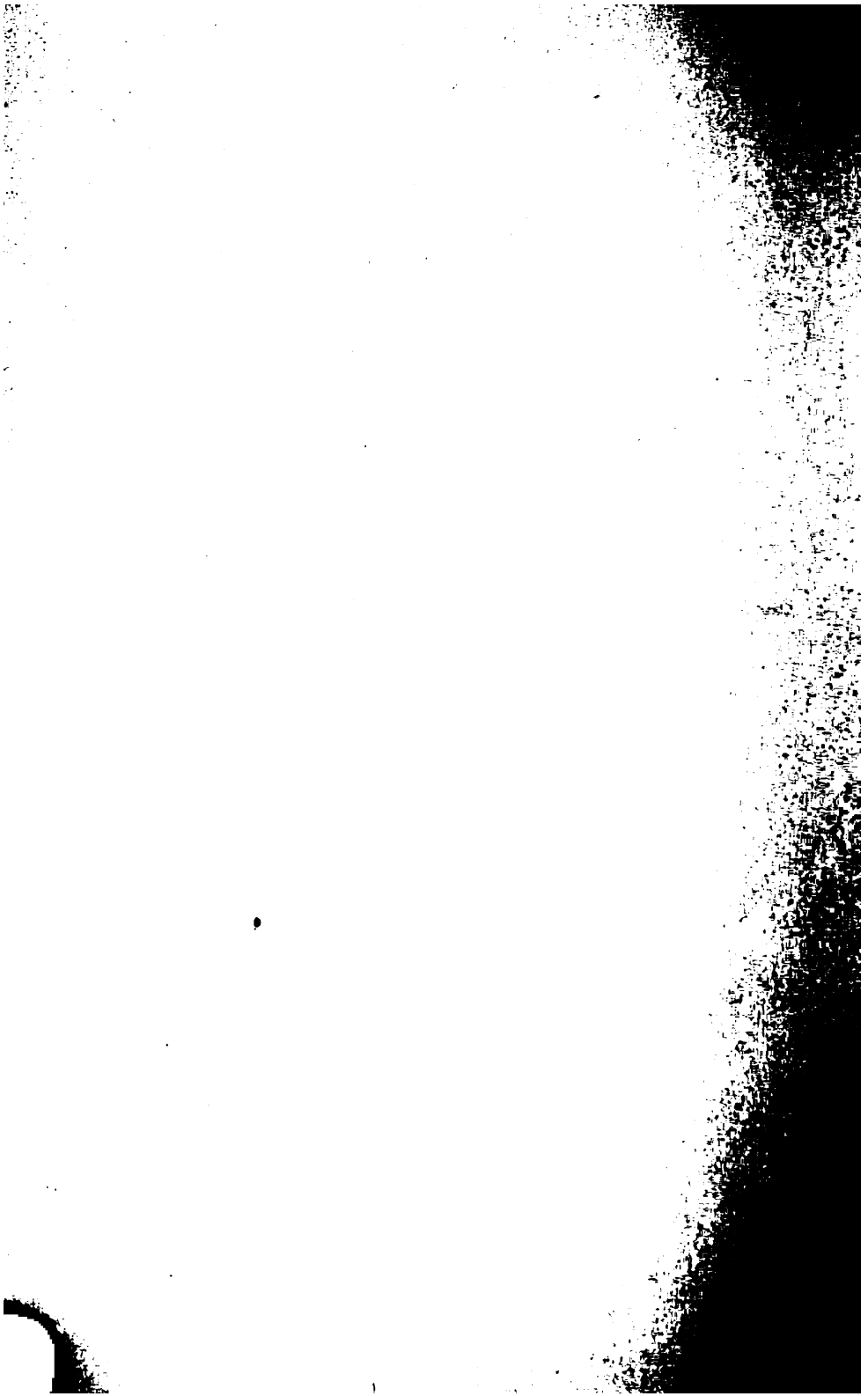


Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and army.*

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.





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